

MIKE BARON • STEVEN BUTLER • RANDY CLARK



BADGER



BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON



Badger, a self-styled crime fighter, metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks — in fact, any-damn-body he feels like, because he's **CRAZY!**

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind, which suits his wife, **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, just fine.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger and Mavis live with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

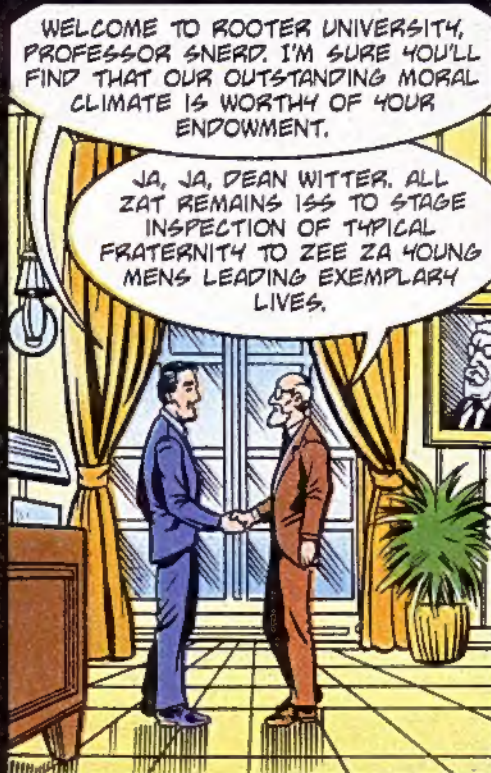
Last Issue: While aiding **Joe Nappleseed**, a peripatetic planter regreening corporate America, Badger ran afoul of chainsaw-wielding gardeners.

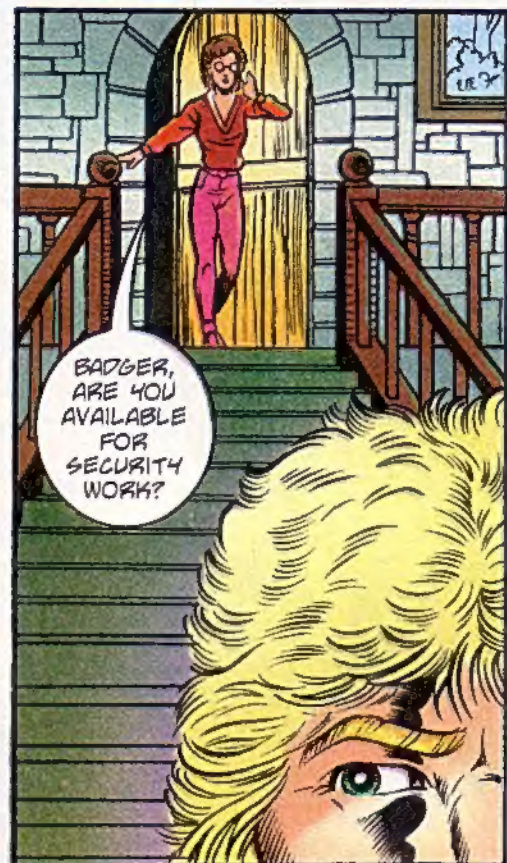
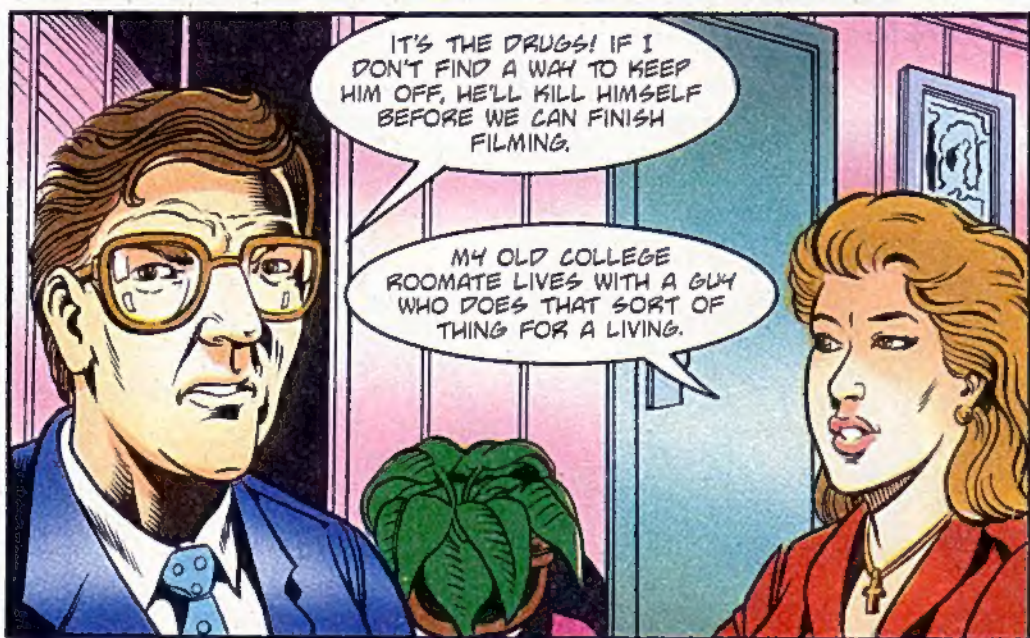
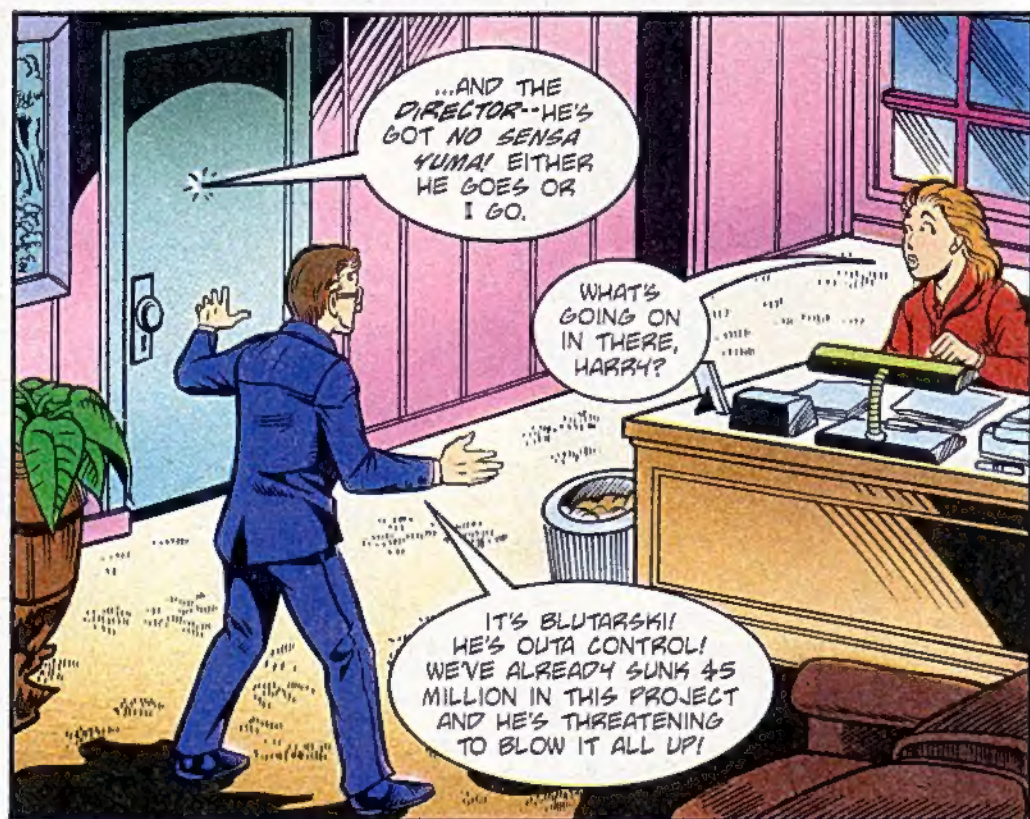
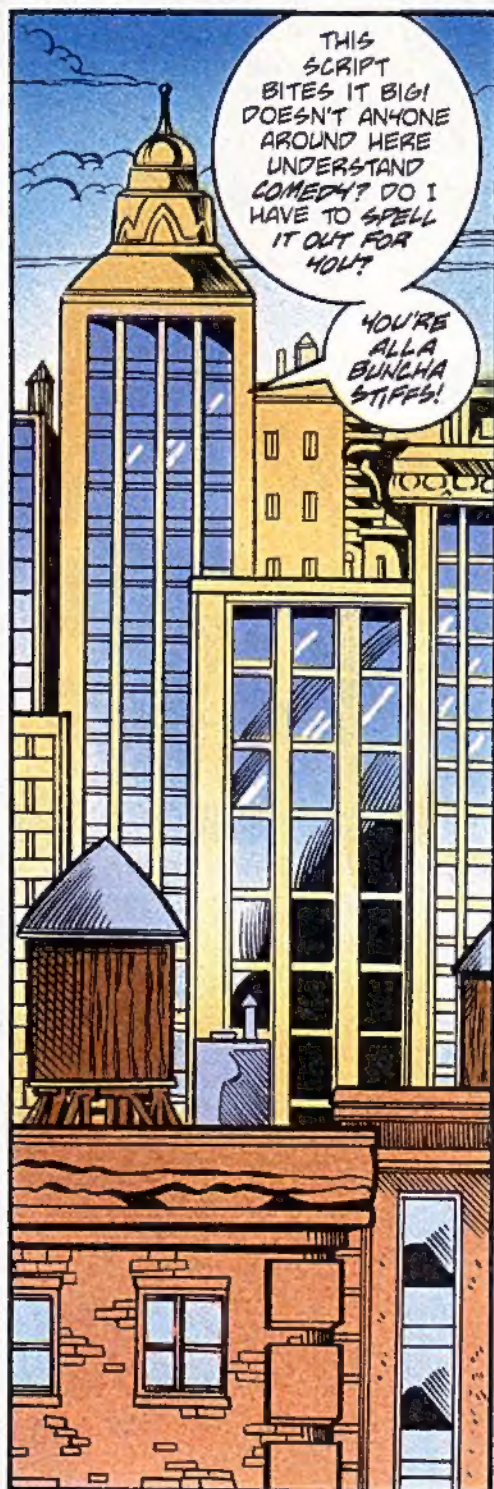
COVER ART: **Steven Butler**. Color by **Ian Tetrault**.

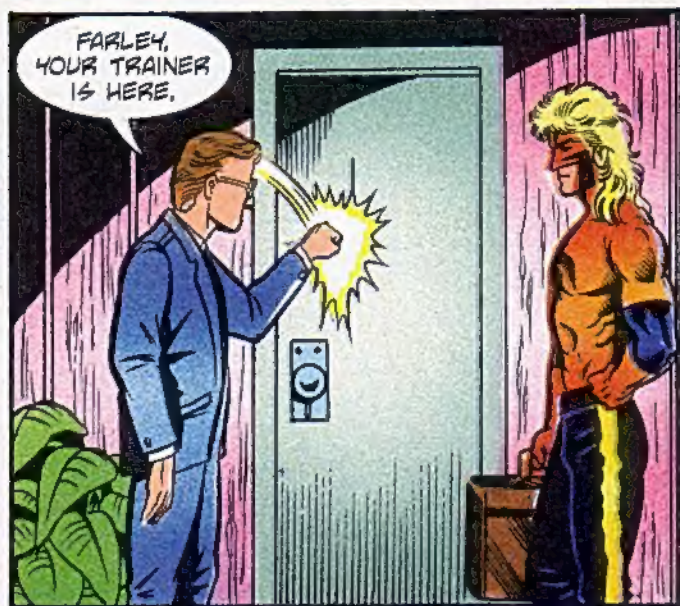
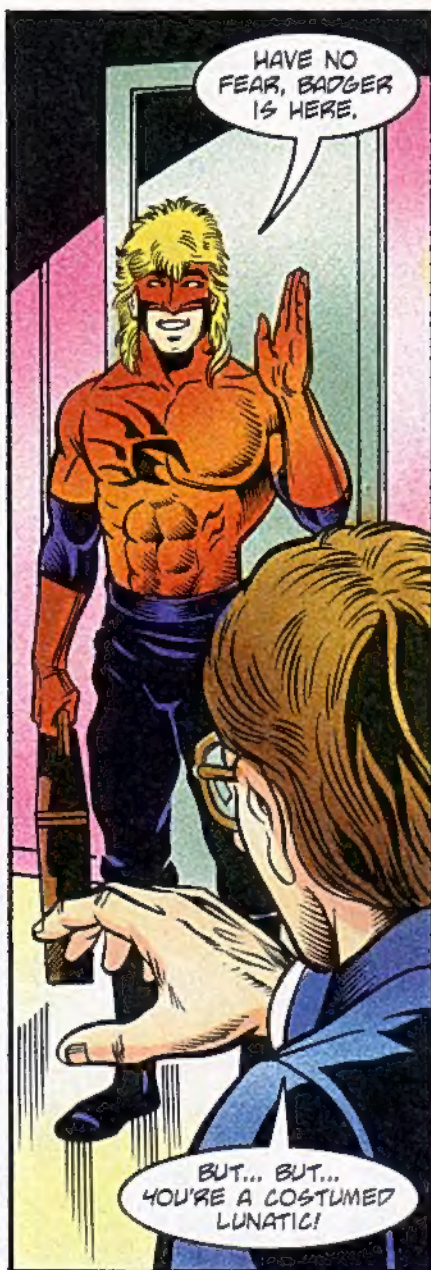
BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 67, January 1991. Published by **FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.**, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$2.25 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: \$27.00 in the U.S., \$33.00 in Canada, and \$54.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

PORK U.

STARRING
FARLEY
BLUTARSKI







mike
BARON
WRITER

steven
BUTLER
PENCILLER

randy
CLARK
INKER

willie
SCHUBERT
LETTERER

ian
TETRAULT
COLORIST

bob
GARCIA
EDITOR



JUST DON'T CRAMP MY STYLE, PAL. REMEMBER--WITHOUT ME, THERE'S NO MOVIE, NO BIG DEALS, NO PARTIES, NO FUN, NO NOTHING!

JUST A CHANGE OF UNDERWEAR AND A FEW TOOLS.

GOT ANY DRUGS IN THAT BAG?

TSK, TSKI THAT MAN TRIED TO GIVE YOU SOME BAD DRUGS...

SORRY, FARLEY, BUT I HAVE TO CHECK FOR PALM SCRATCHES...

HEY...HEY! LEGGO MY HAND!

HEY BLUTARSKI! GIMME FIVE! YOU'RE MY WIFE'S FAVORITE COMEDIAN!

THANKS, PAL.

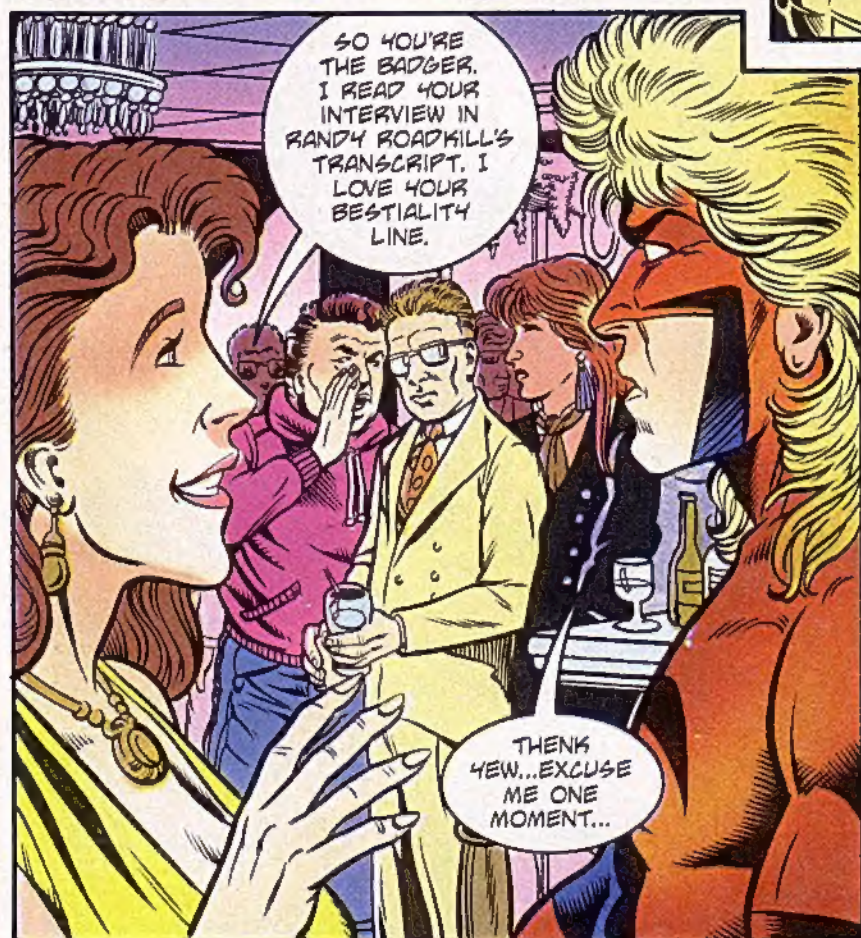
HEY, COME ON, MANNN...I NEED THAT STUFF TO WAKE UP.

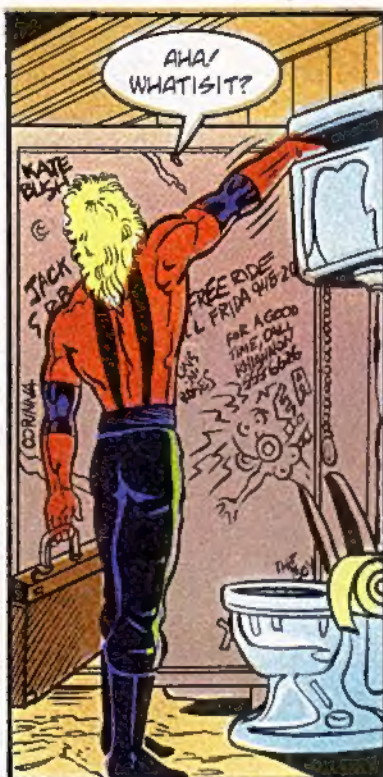
YEAH? THEY TOLD ME YOU'VE BEEN UP FOR THREE DAYS.

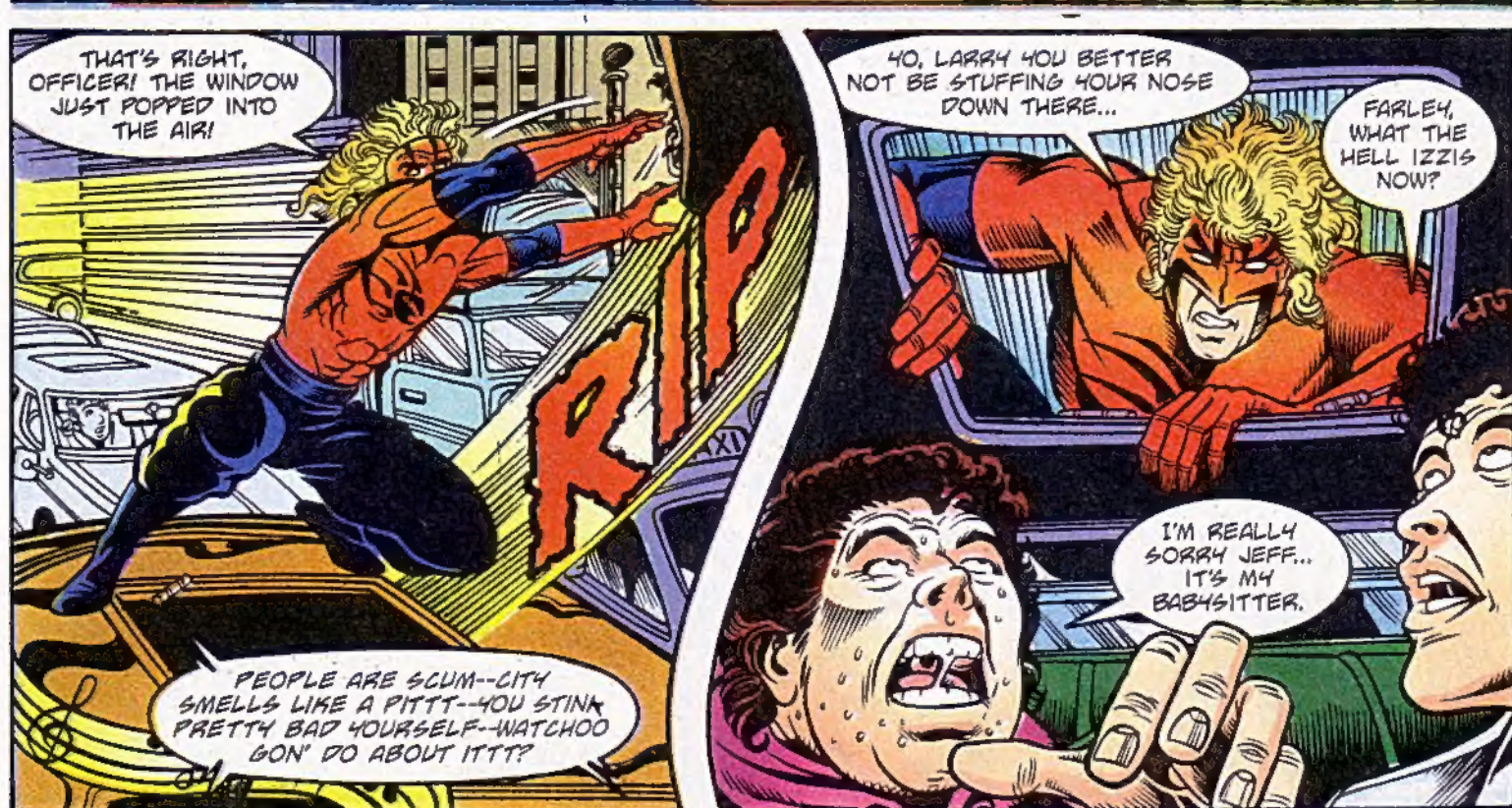
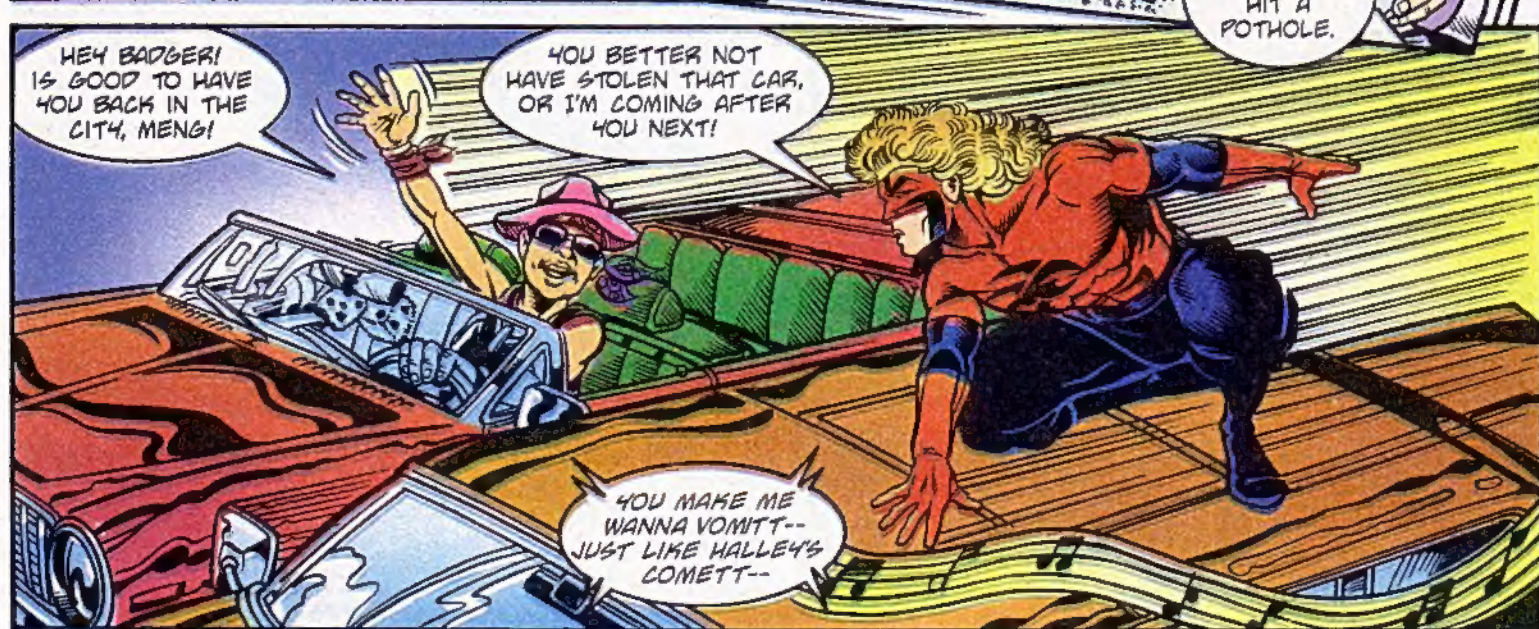
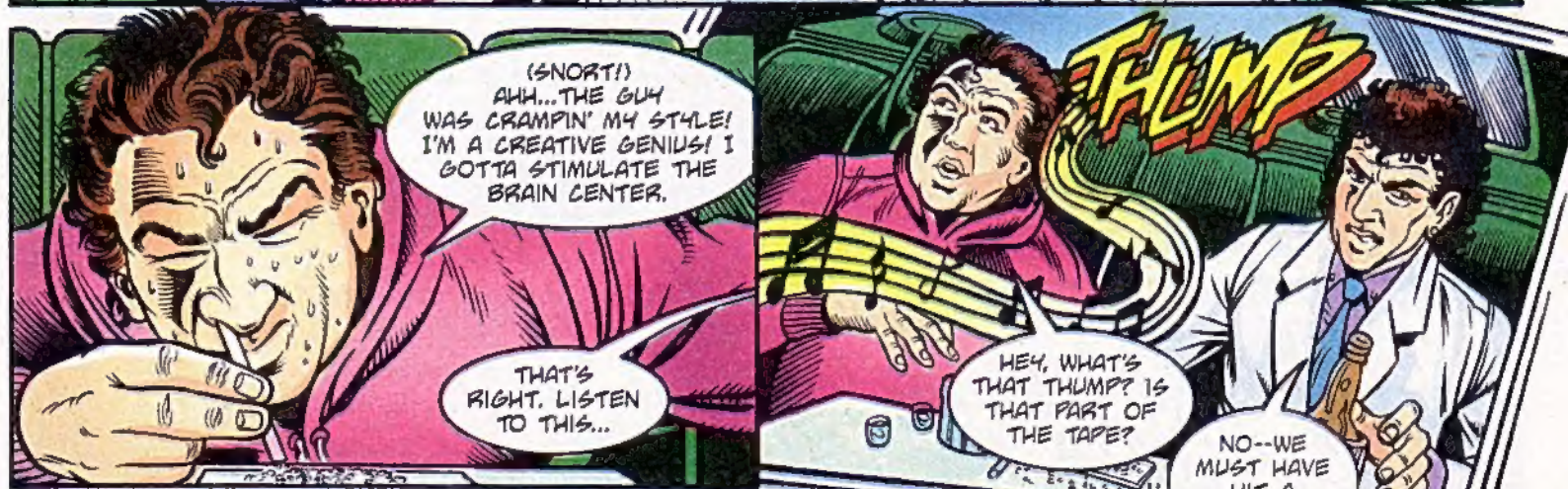
BADGER, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH PRESSURE I'M UNDER! I NEED A LITTLE BIT OF COKE JUST TO GET THROUGH THE DAY.

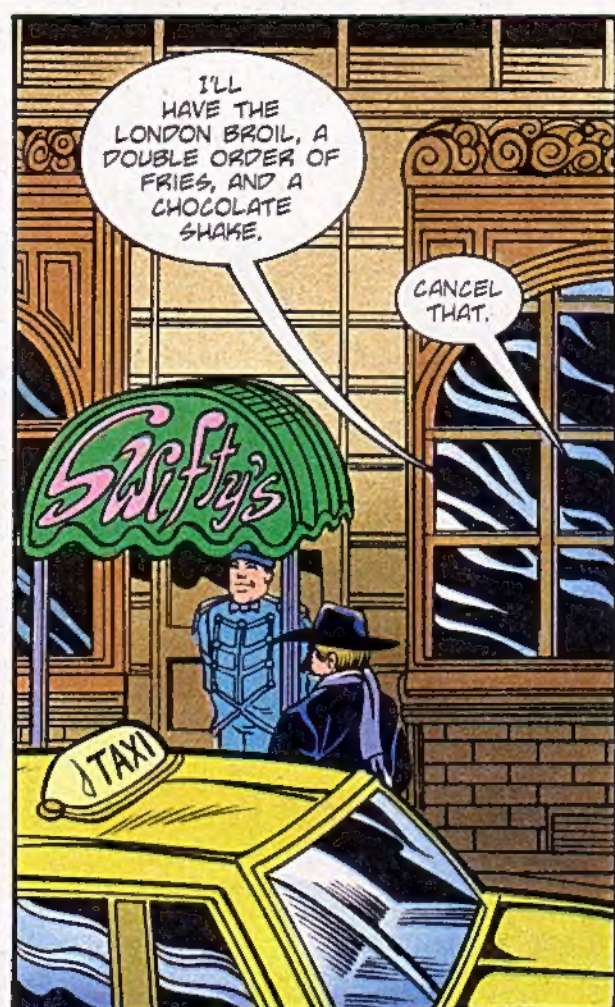
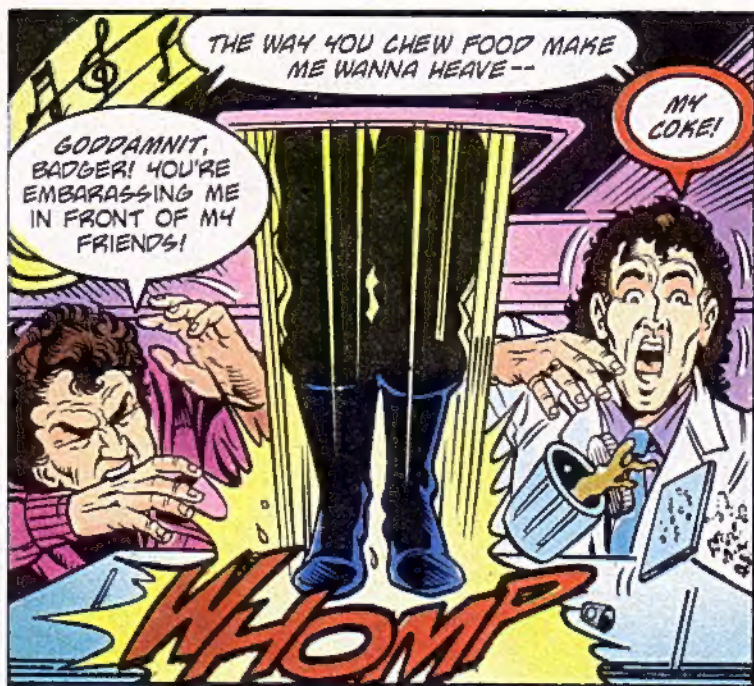
THAT'S A BLIVET, LARRY. WHY DON'TCHA GET HIGH ON LIFE? HA HA HA! JUST KIDDING.

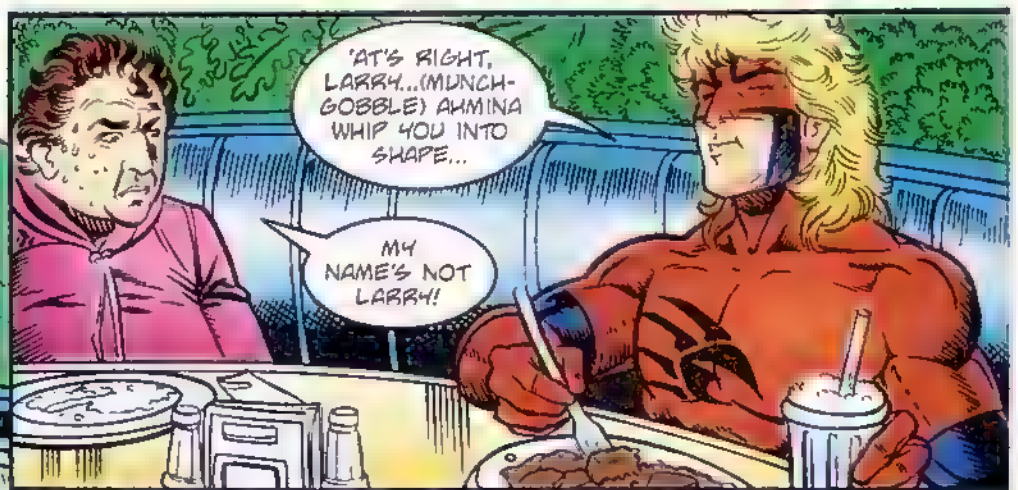
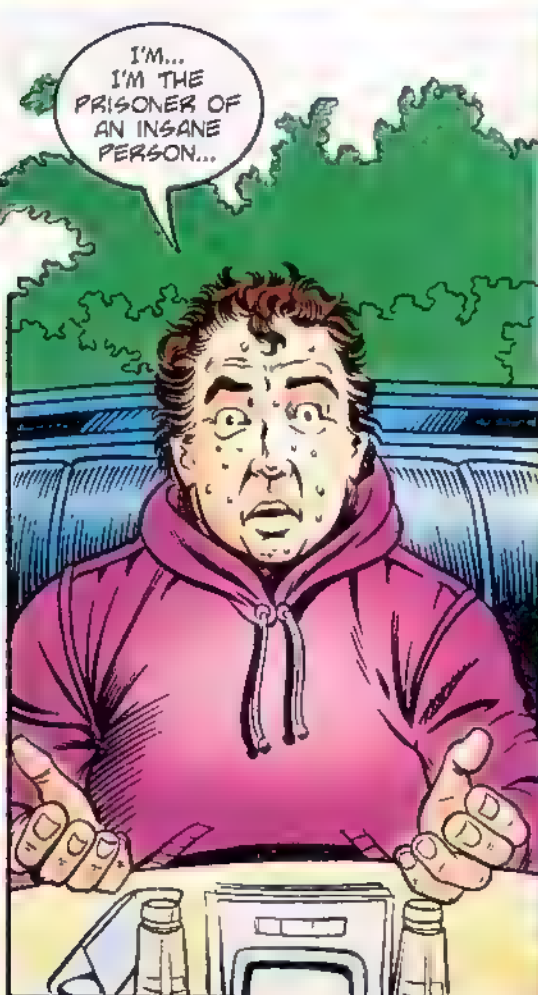
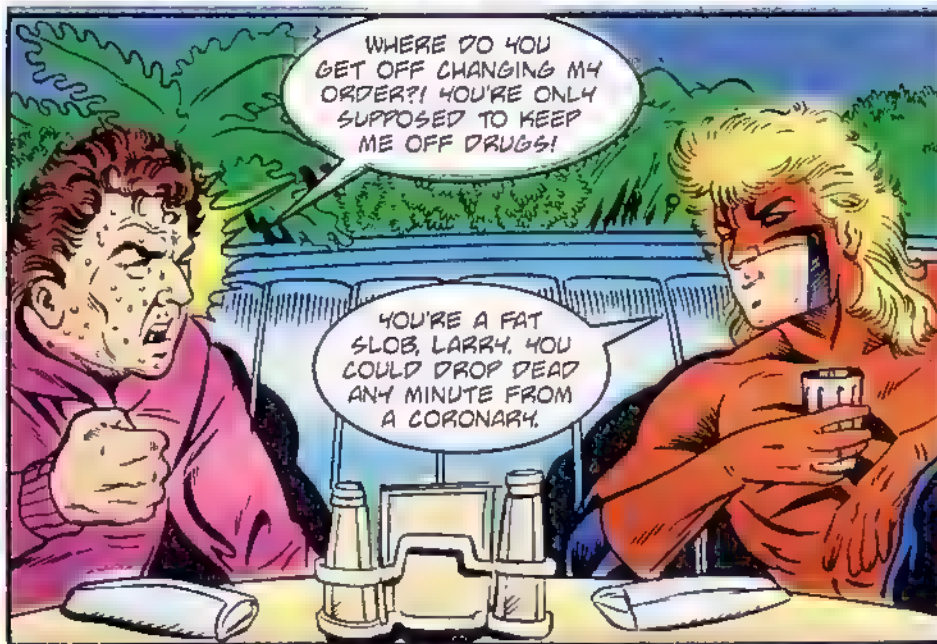
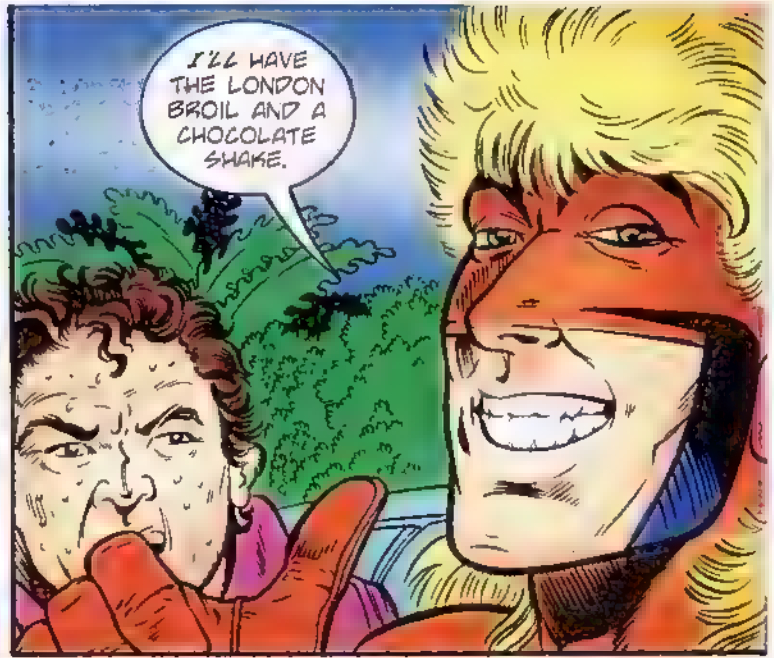
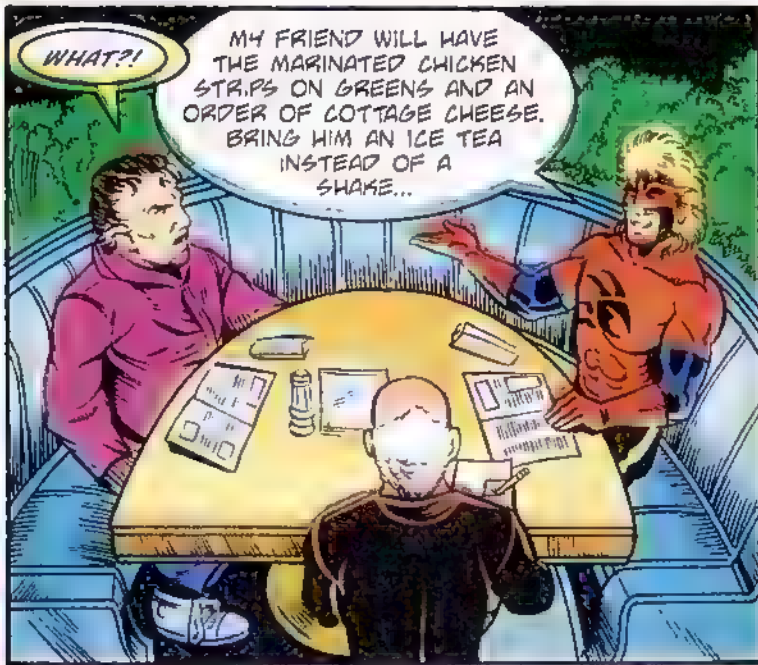
HEY-- IT'S PAST NOON, WE COULD HAVE A BEER...

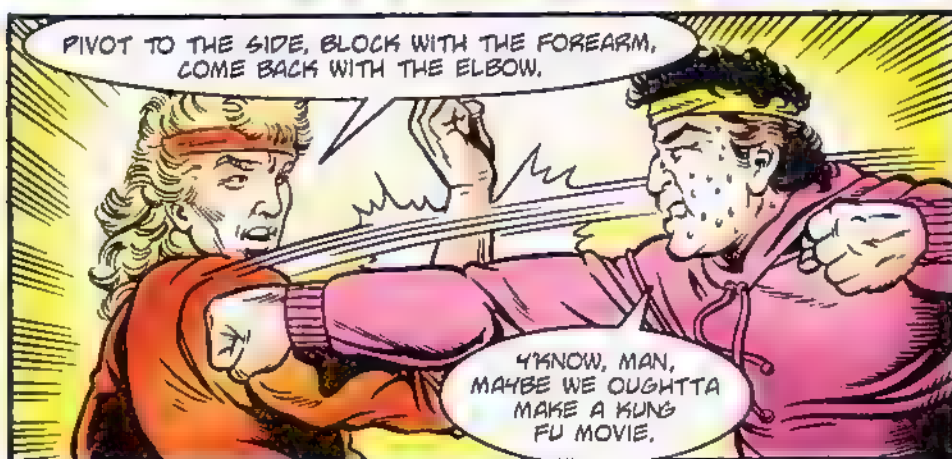
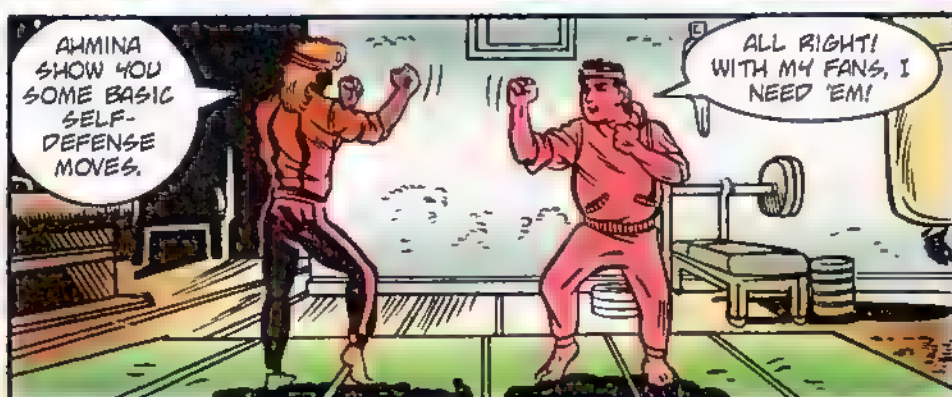
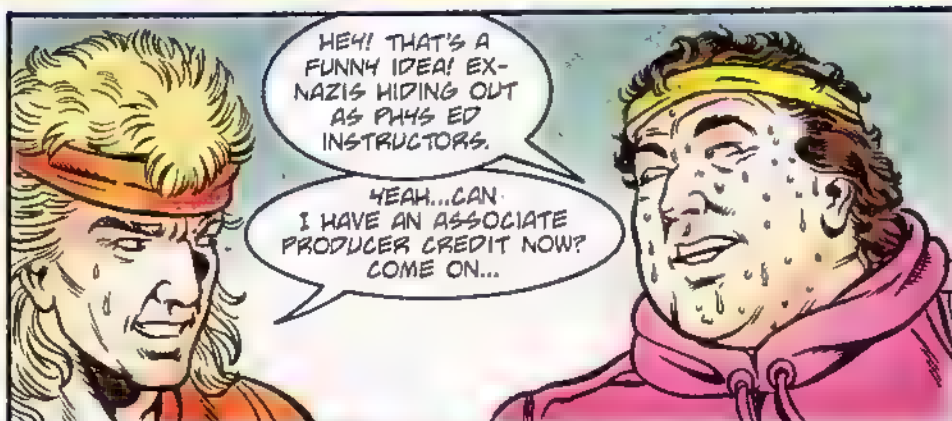




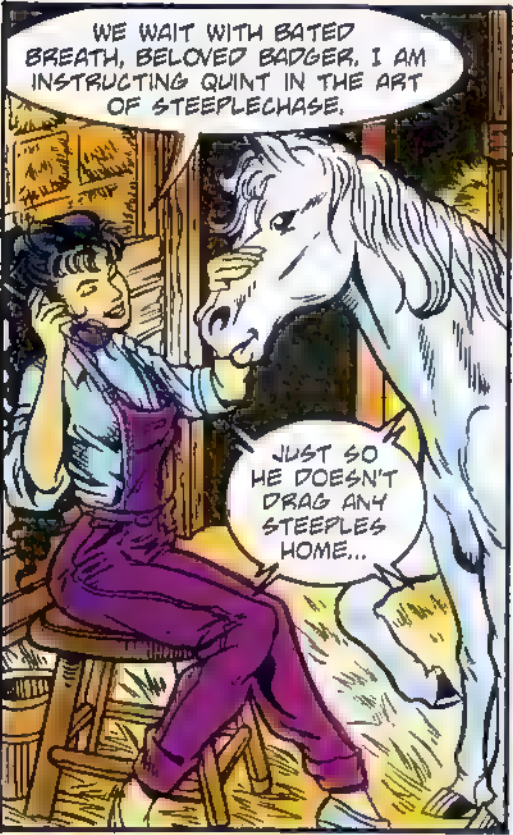
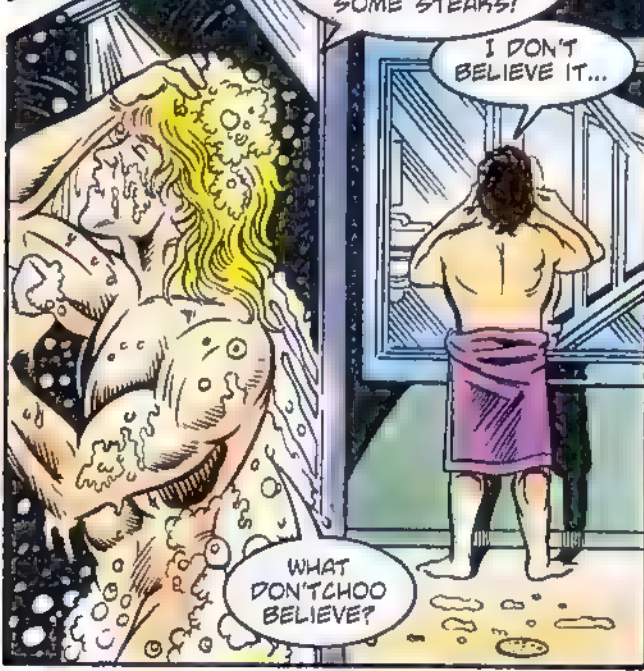
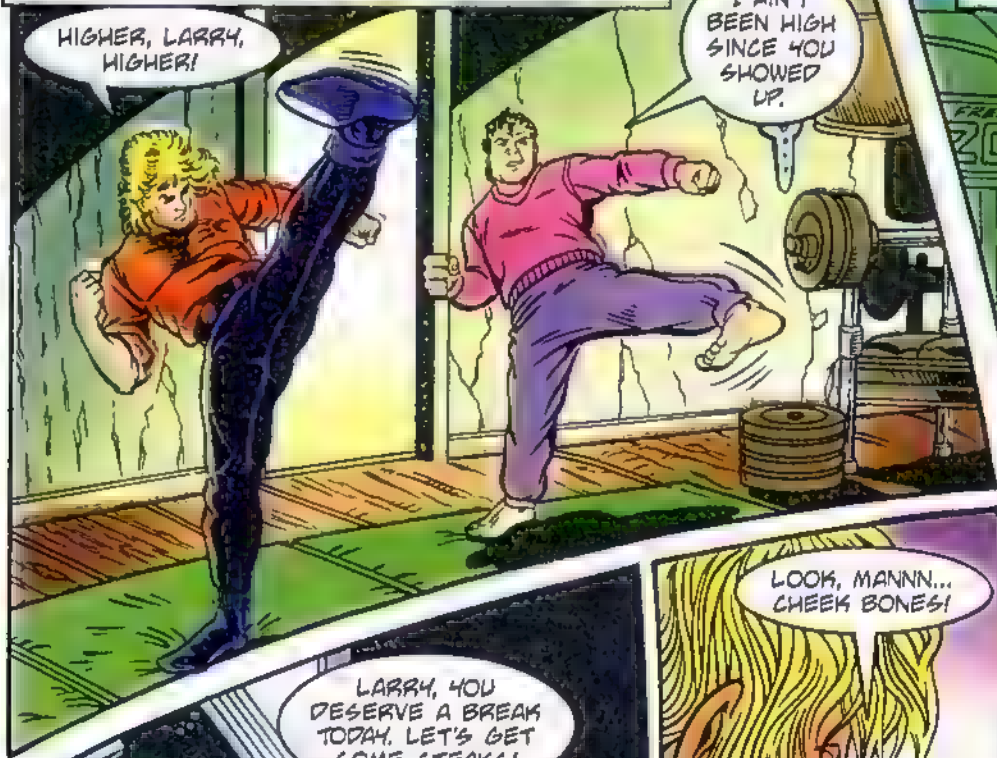


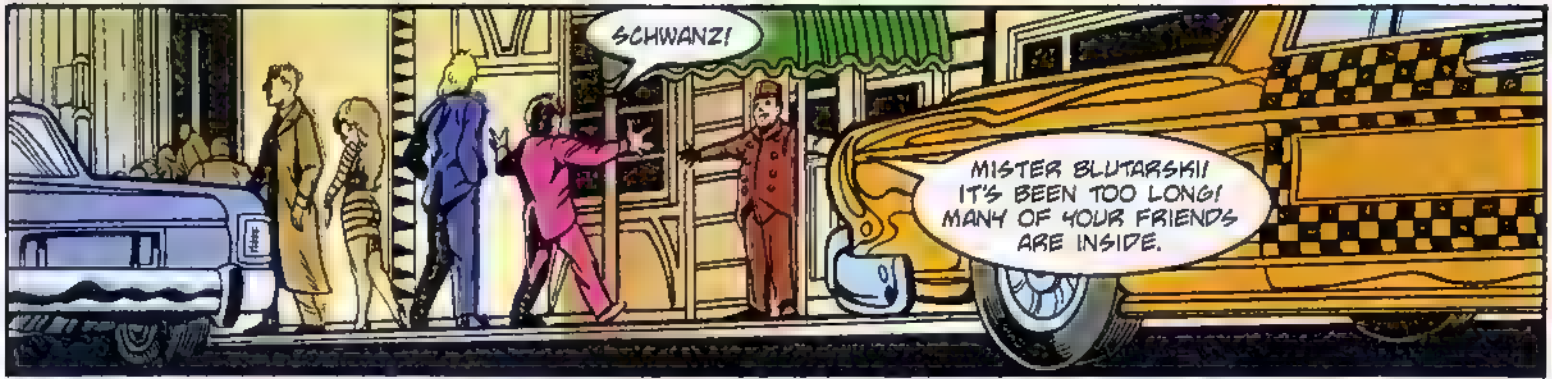






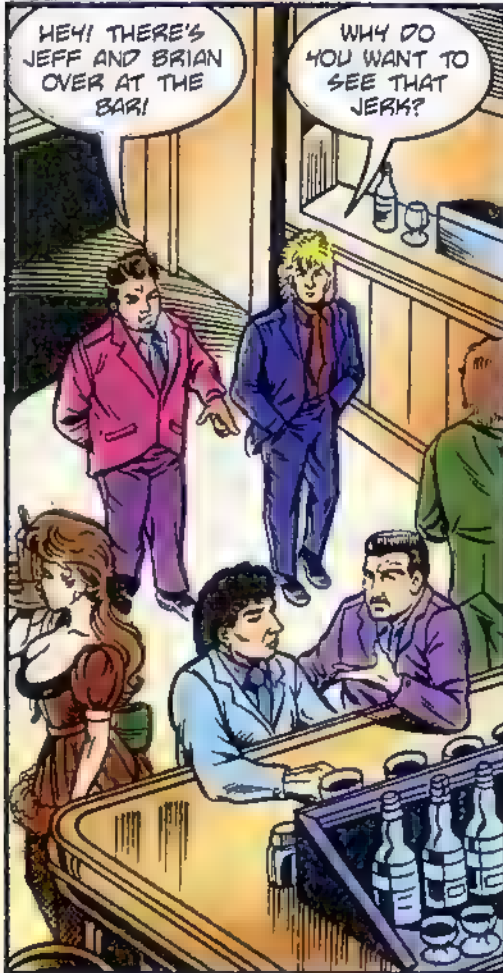
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, BADGER INCULCATES FARLEY IN ESOTERIC MARTIAL ARTS.





SCHWANZI!

MISTER BLUTARSKI!
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG!
MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS
ARE INSIDE.



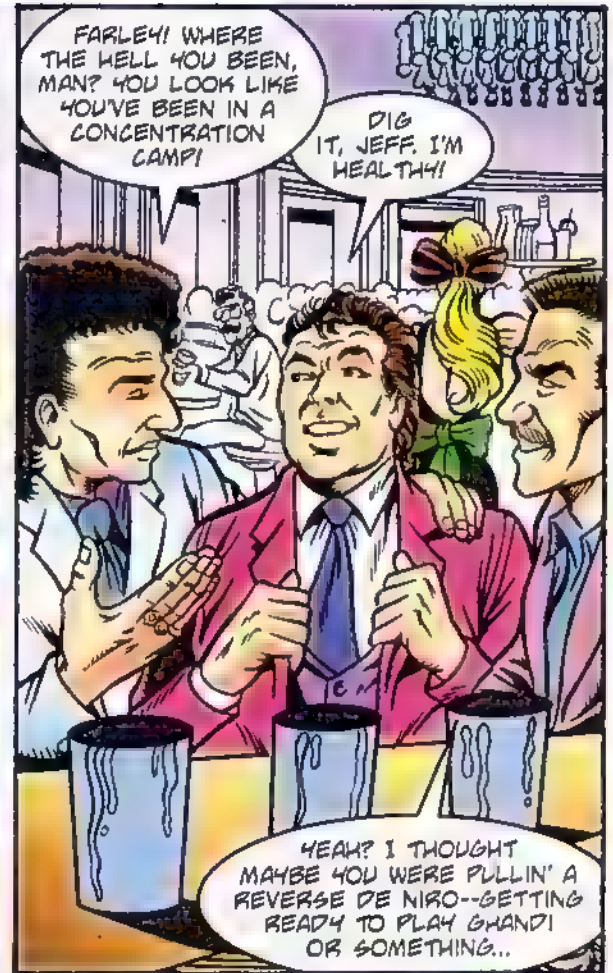
HEY! THERE'S
JEFF AND BRIAN
OVER AT THE
BAR!

WHY DO
YOU WANT TO
SEE THAT
JERK?



LOOK, BADGER--
YOU AND ME ARE PALS,
BUT SO ARE ME AND
JEFF AND BRIAN. I JUST
WANT TO SAY HELLO. WHY
DON'T YOU WAIT FOR ME
AT THE TABLE?

OKAY--BUT
IF YOU AREN'T
THERE IN TEN
MINUTES, I'M
COMING AFTER
YOU.



FARLEY! WHERE
THE HELL YOU BEEN,
MAN? YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'VE BEEN IN A
CONCENTRATION
CAMP!

DIG
IT, JEFF. I'M
HEALTHY!

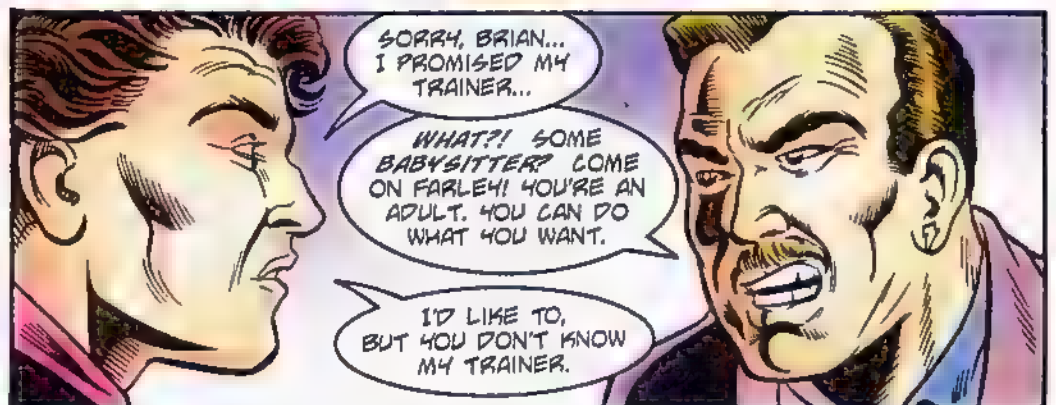
YEAH? I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU WERE PULLIN' A
REVERSE DE NIRO--GETTING
READY TO PLAY GRAND!
OR SOMETHING...



NAHH...I
GOT A PERSONAL
TRAINER
NOW.

NOT
THAT
COSTUMED
LOONY-
TOON?

HEY, MAN,
I GOT SOME
RIGHTEOUS TOOT.
LET'S GO TO THE
MEN'S ROOM.



SORRY, BRIAN...
I PROMISED MY
TRAINER...

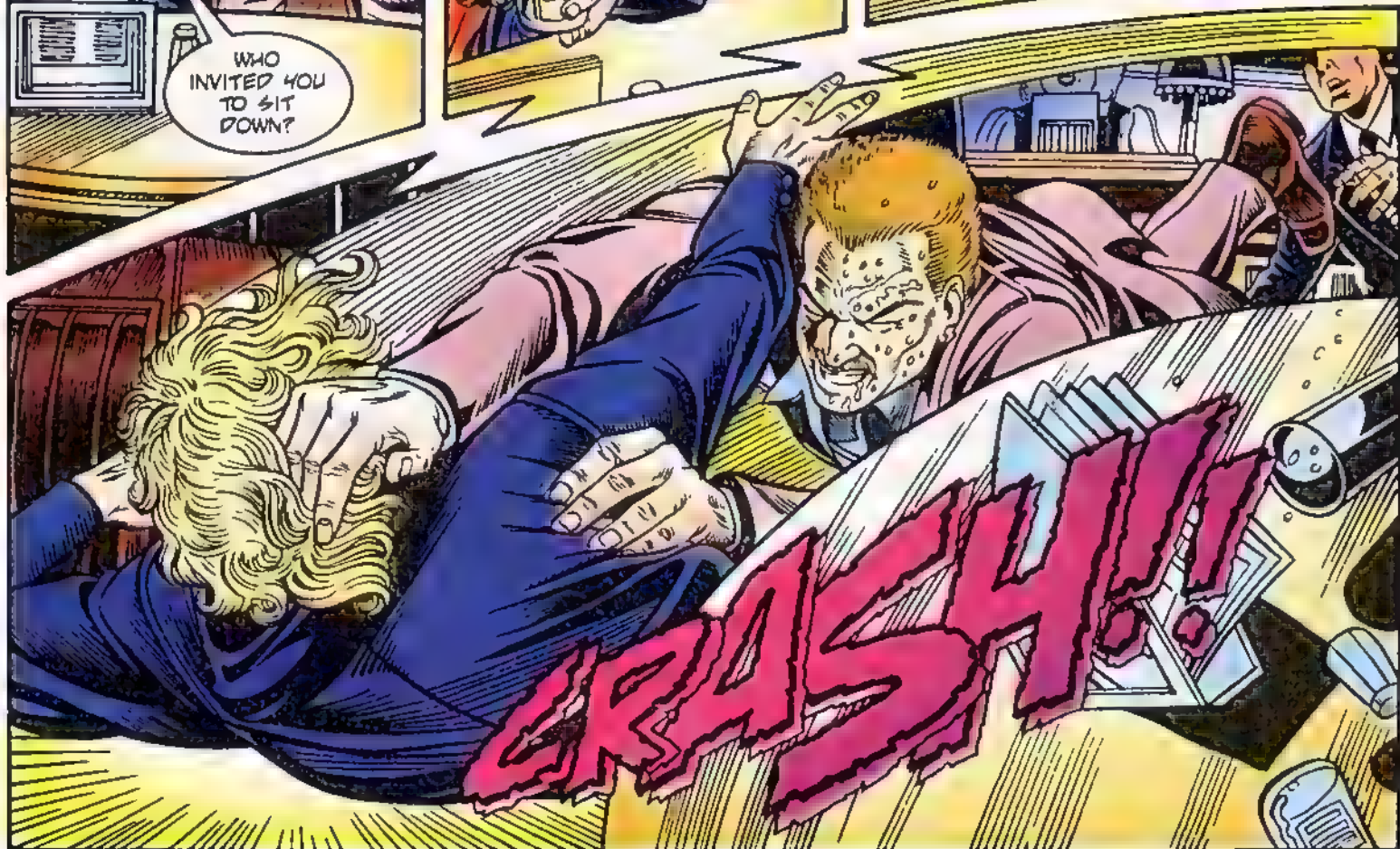
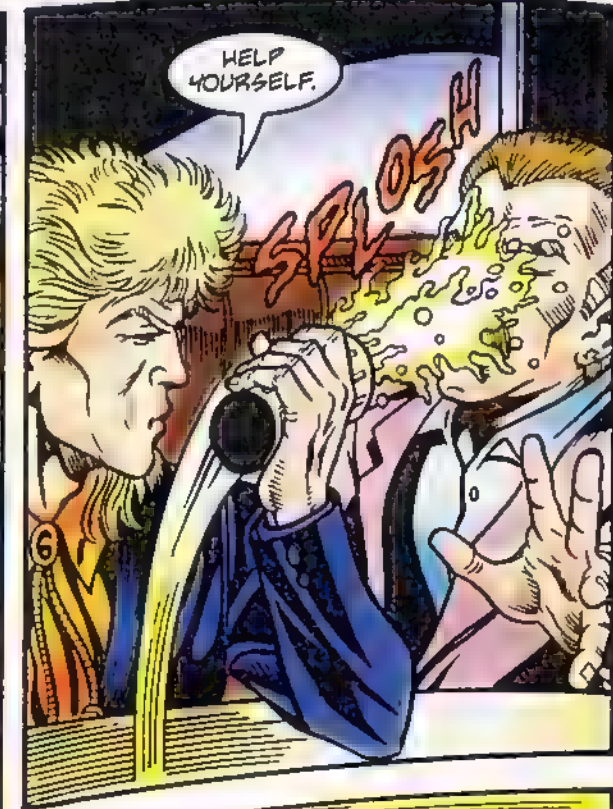
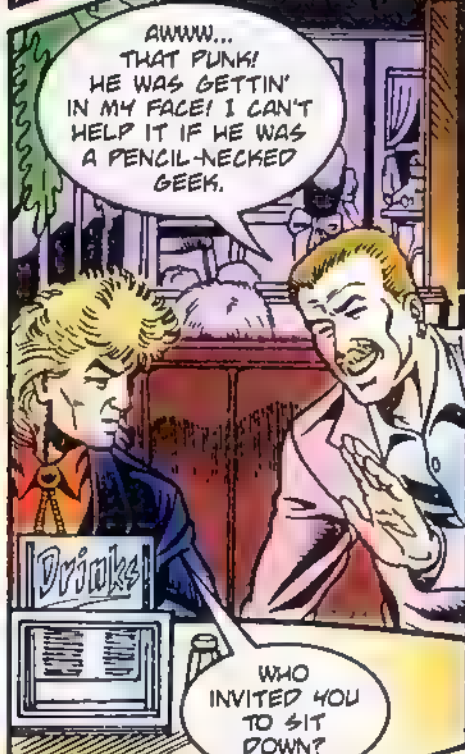
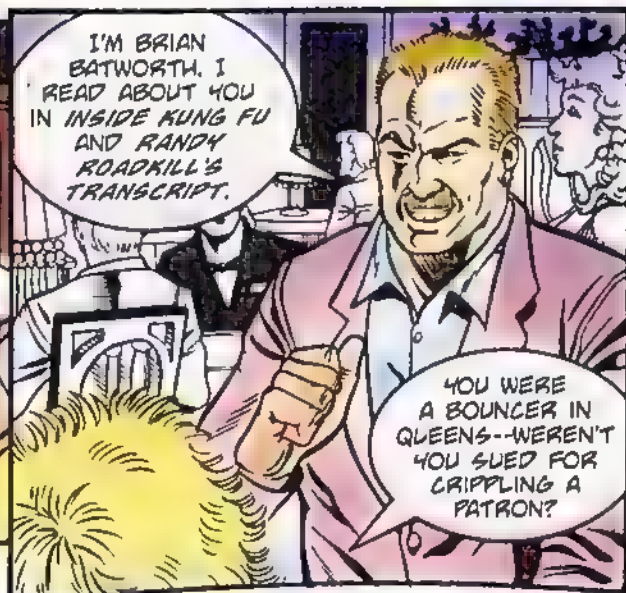
WHAT?! SOME
BABYSITTER? COME
ON FARLEY! YOU'RE AN
ADULT. YOU CAN DO
WHAT YOU WANT.

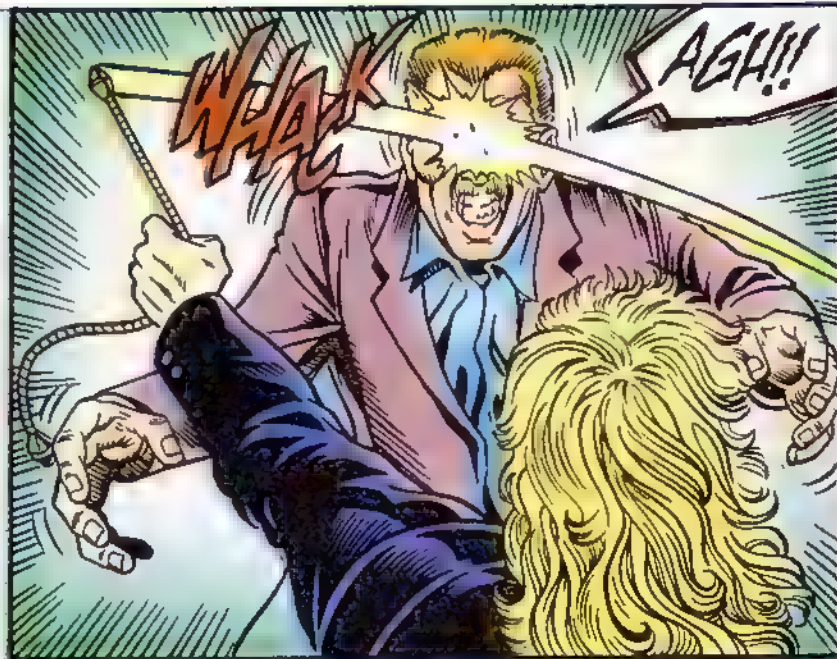
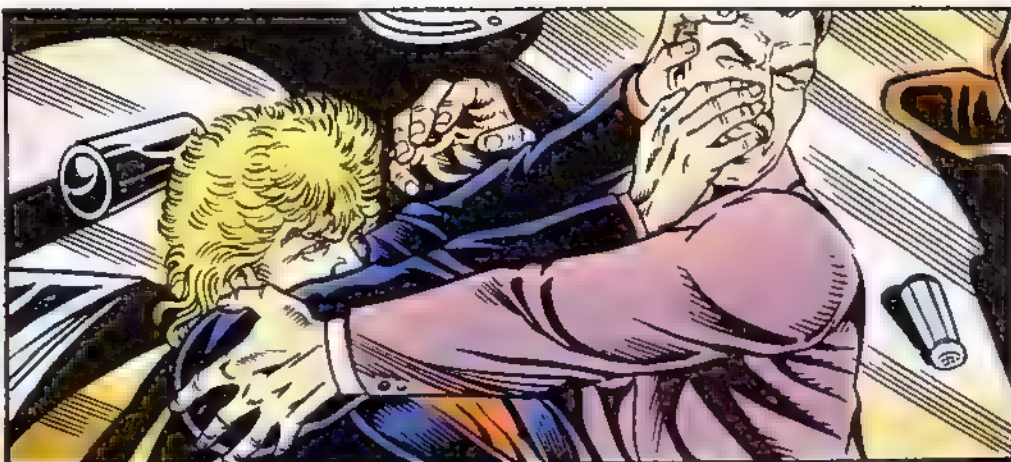
I'D LIKE TO,
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW
MY TRAINER.

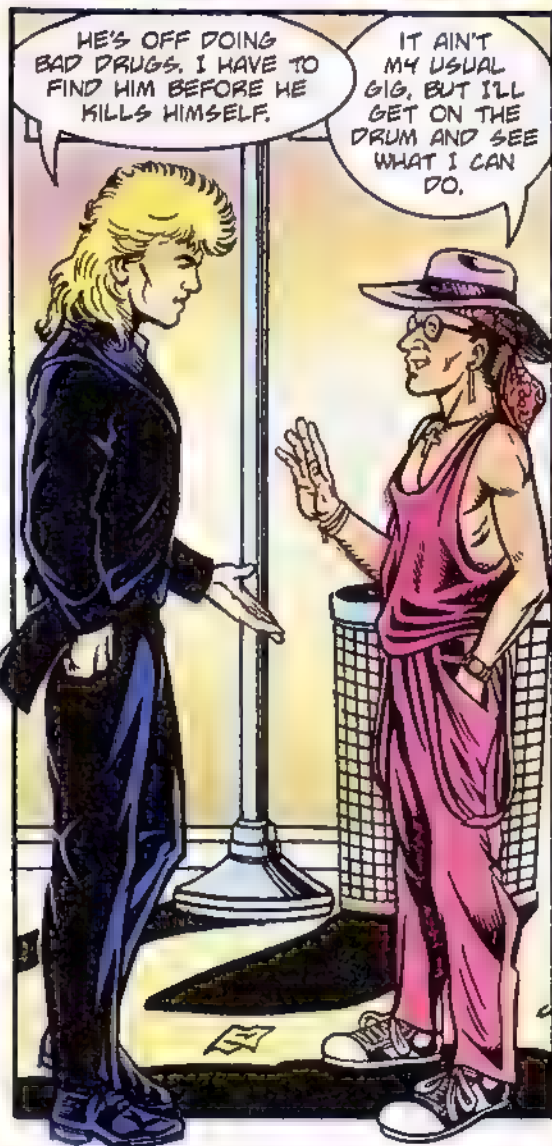
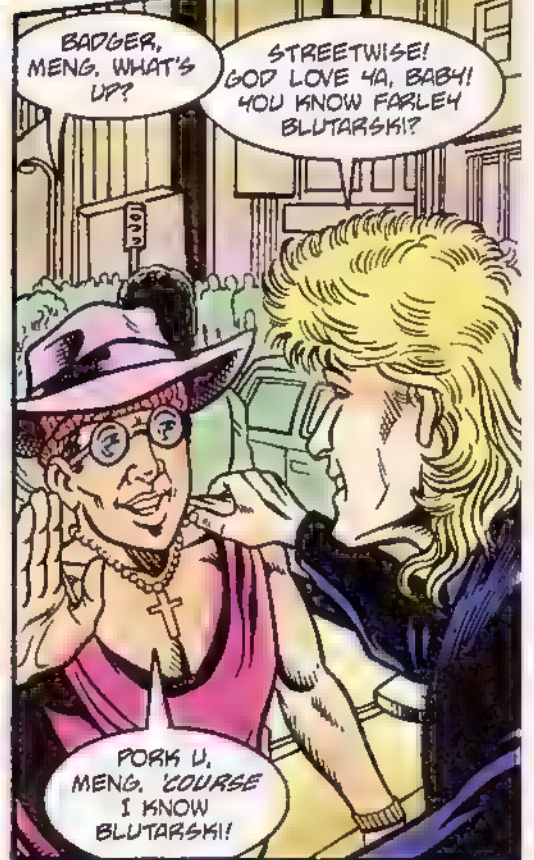
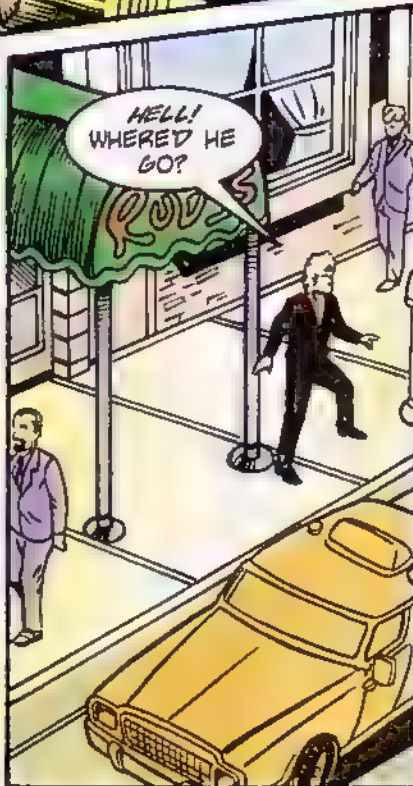
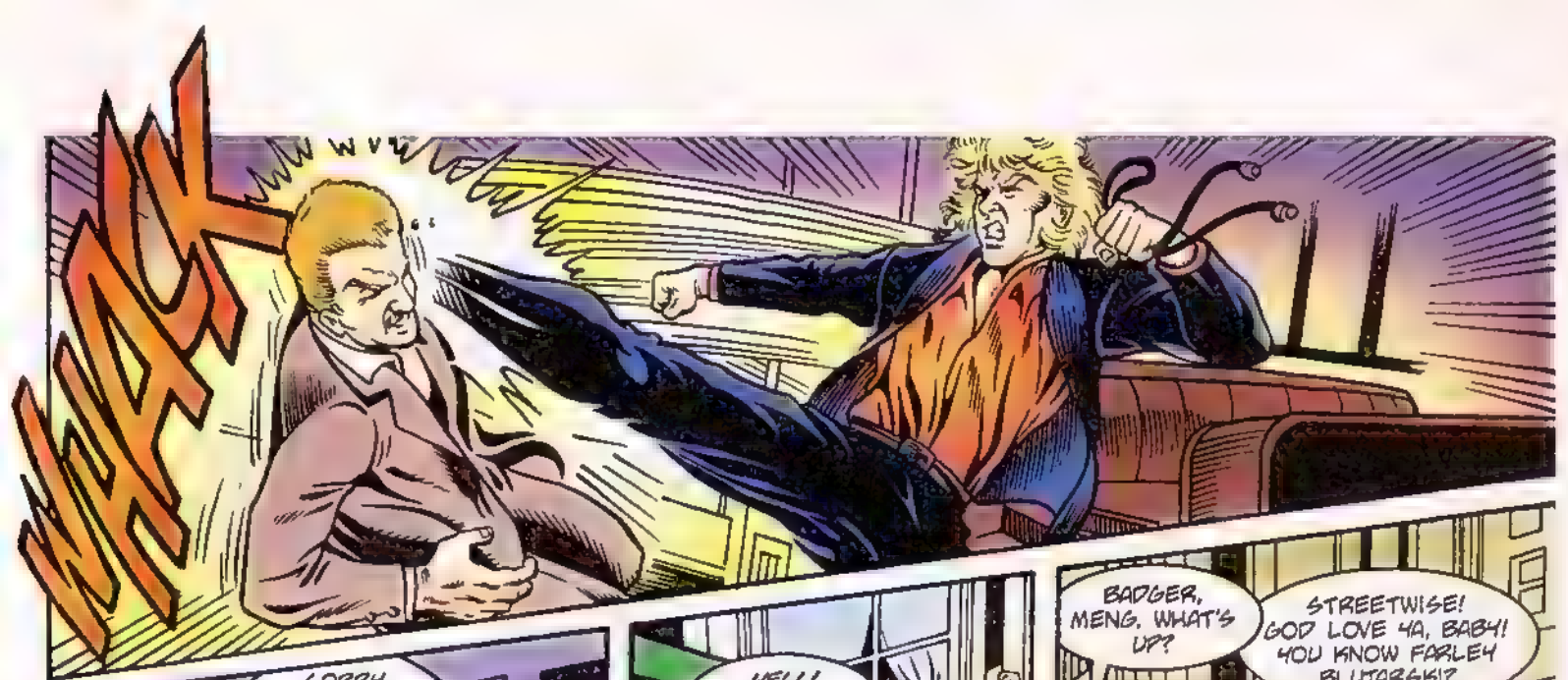


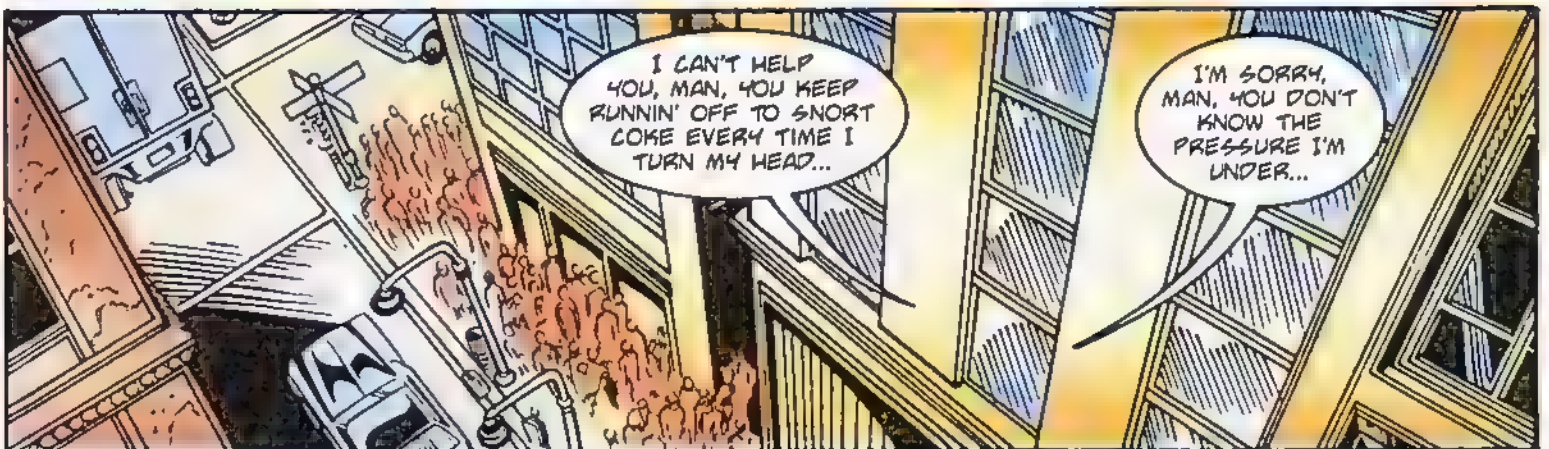
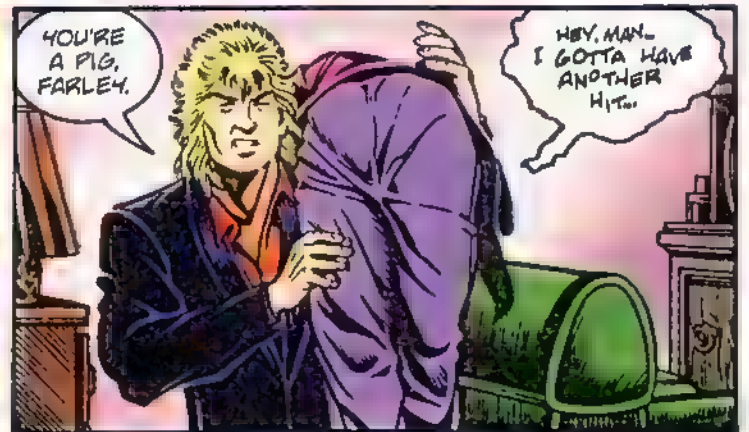
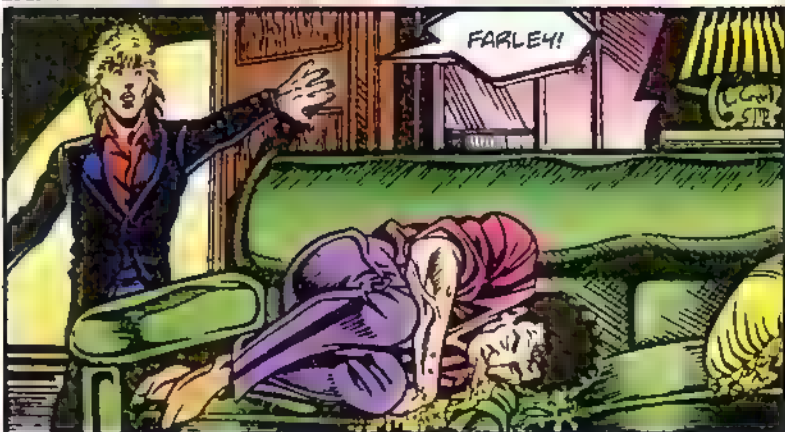
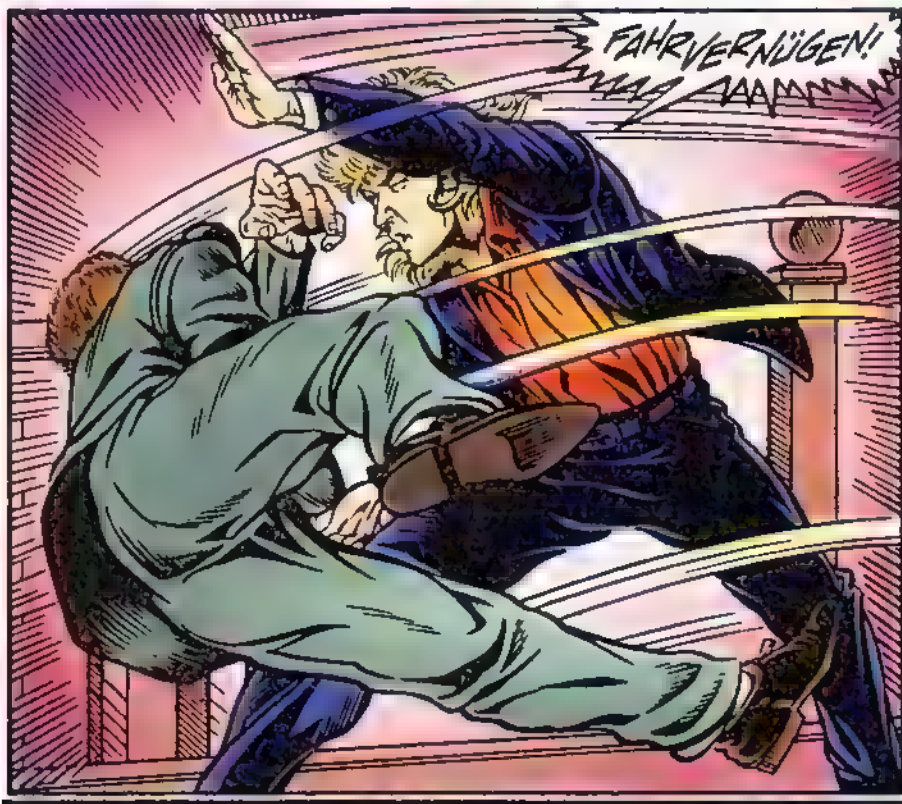
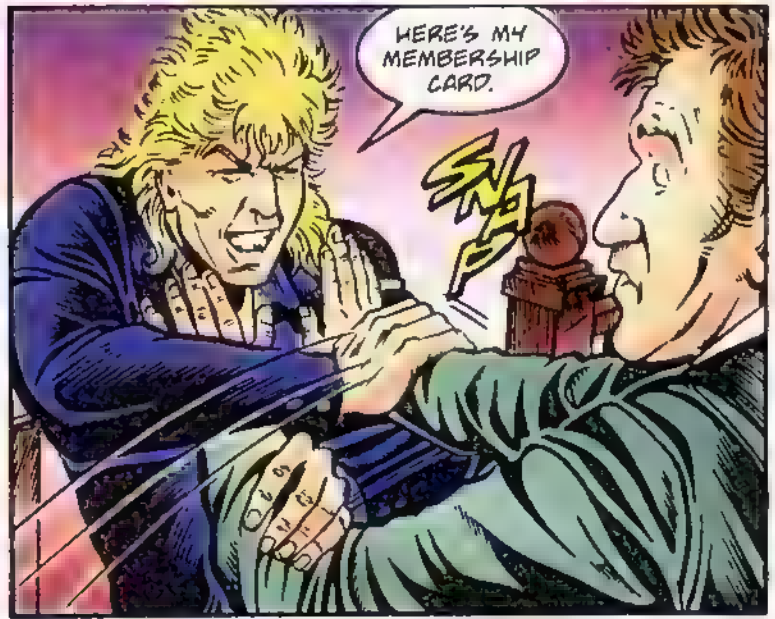
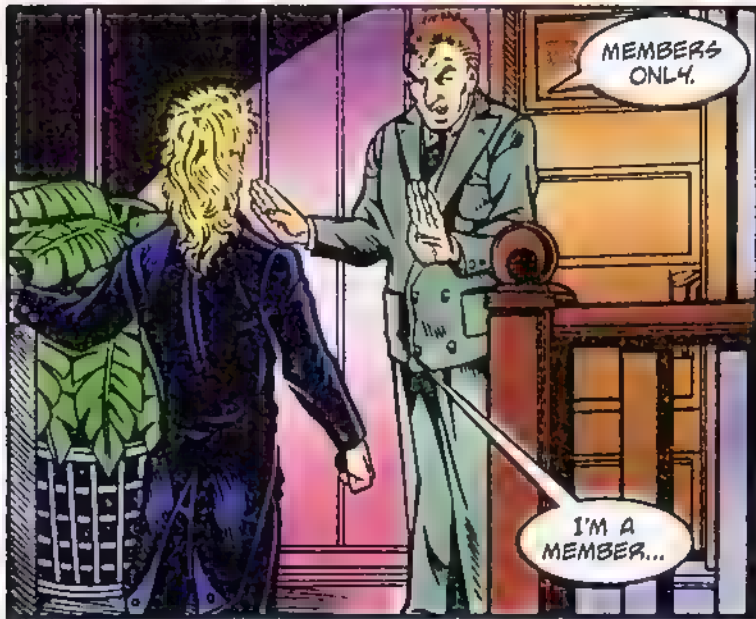
DON'T WORRY--I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM, JEFF, YOU AND FARLEY TAKE OFF
IN THE LIMO--I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU AT
THE SQUAT AND GOBBLE.

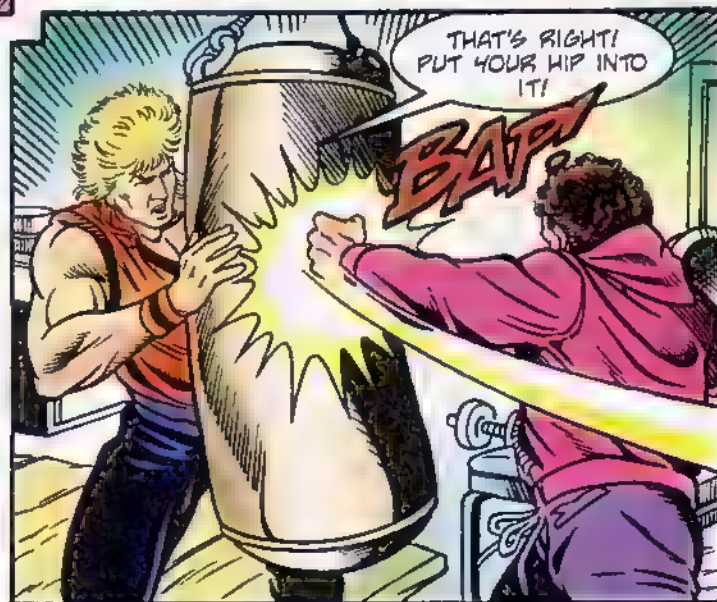
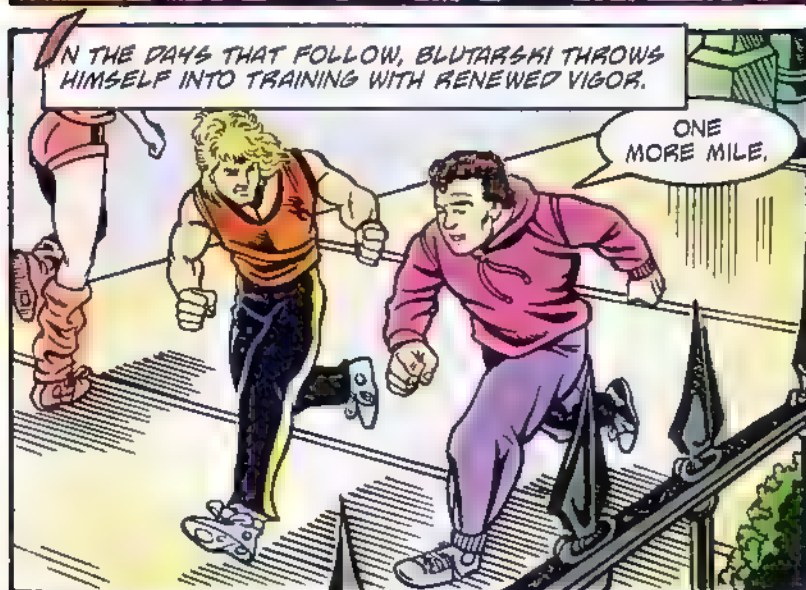
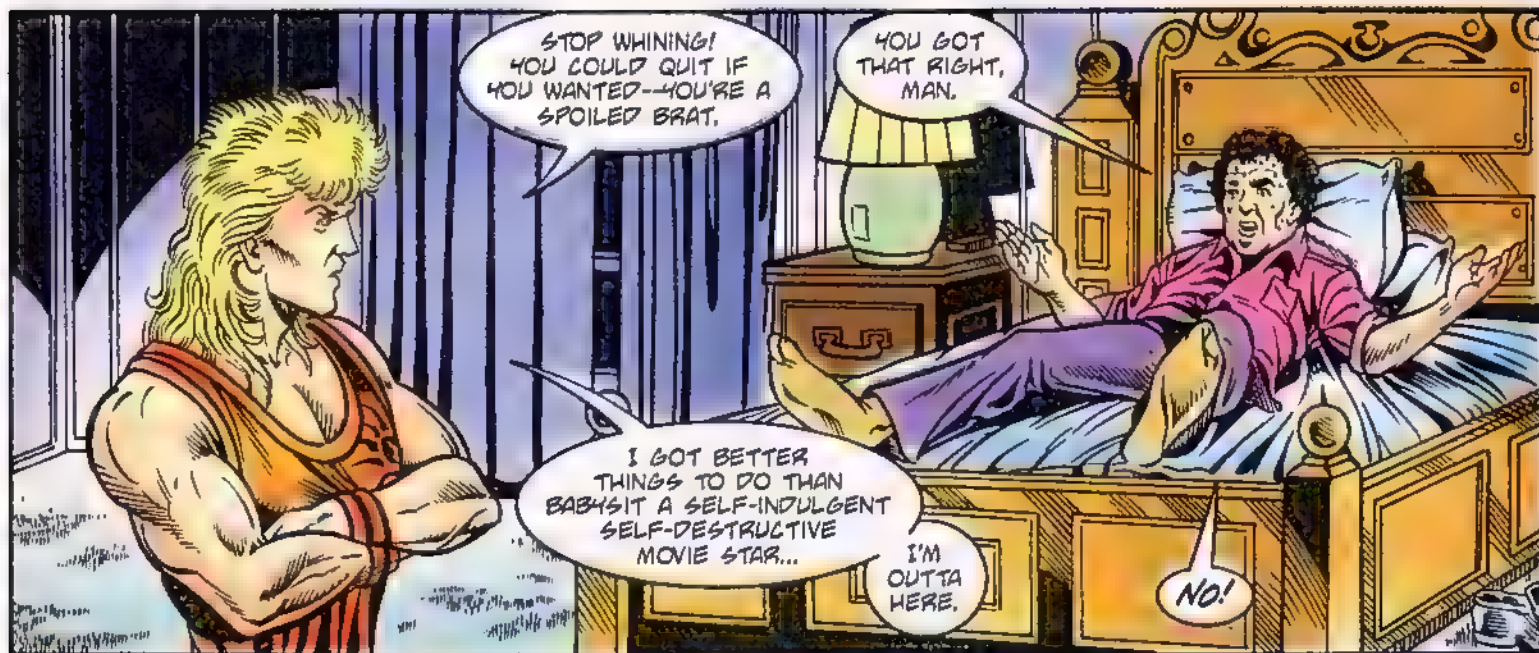
COOL.
CHILL HIM
OUT.

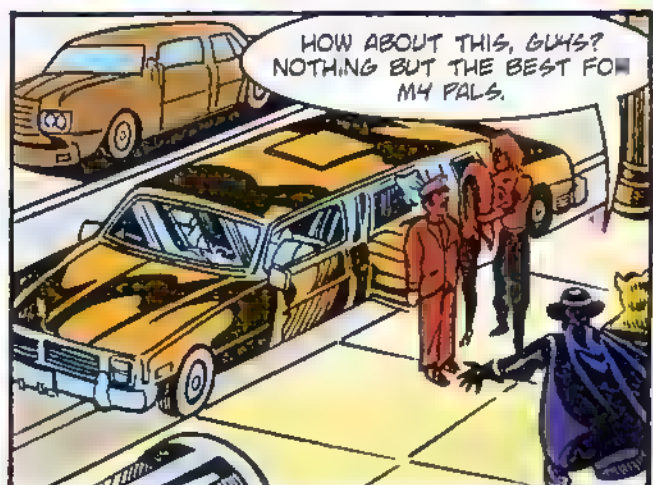
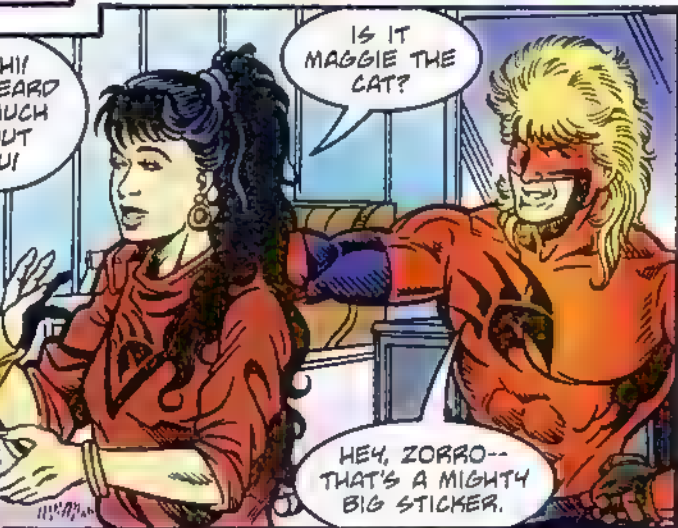


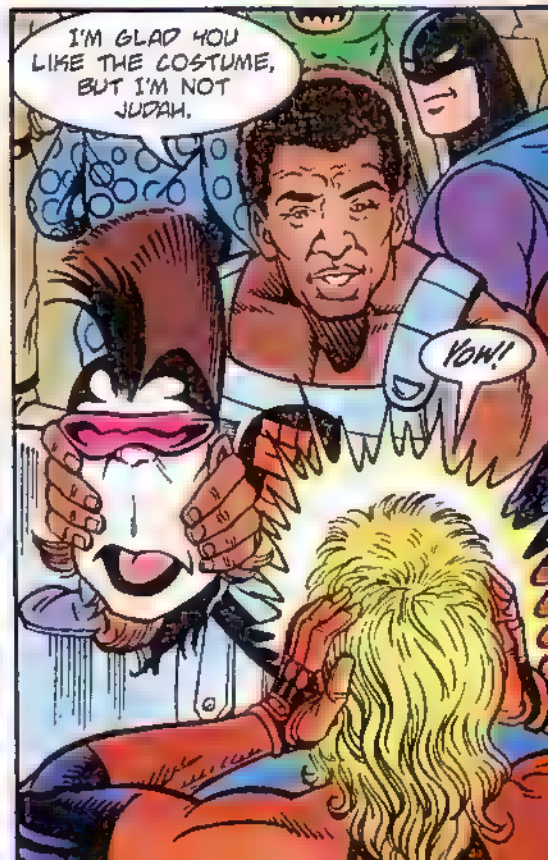


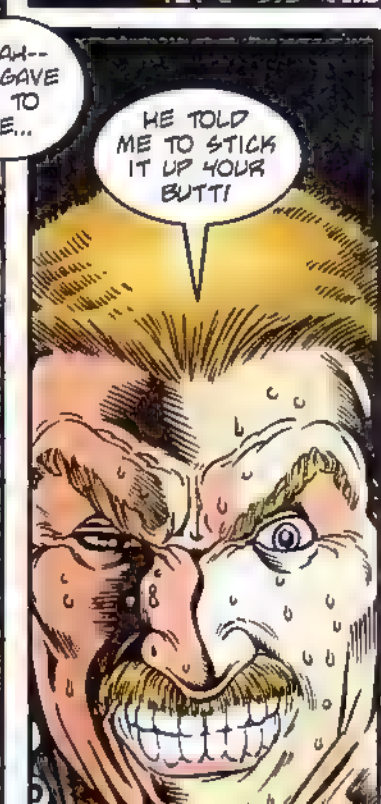
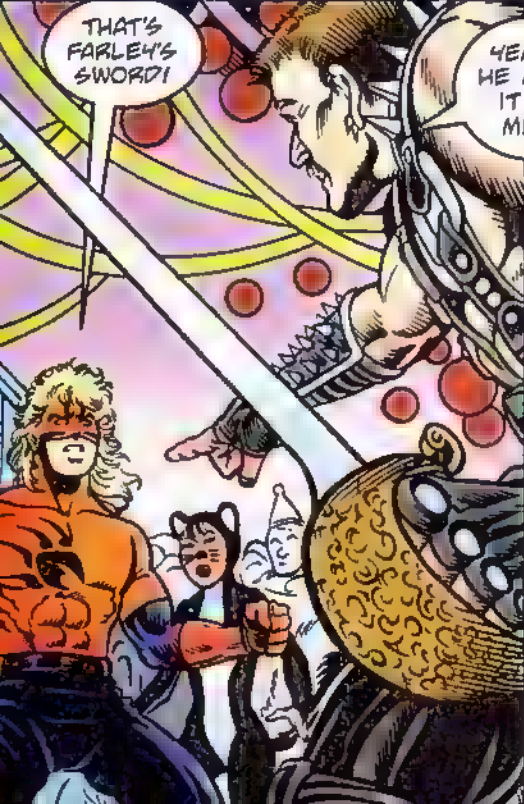
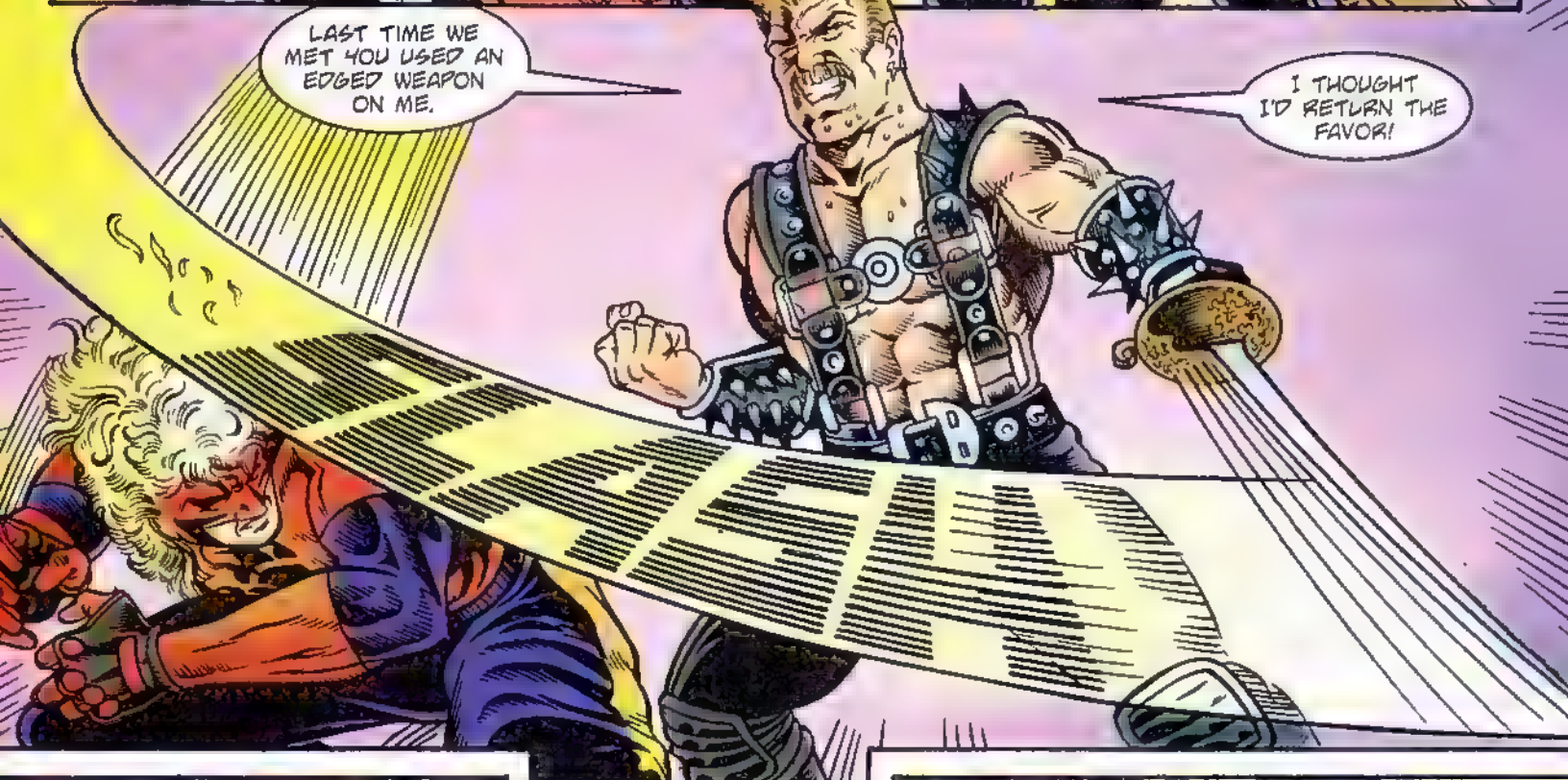


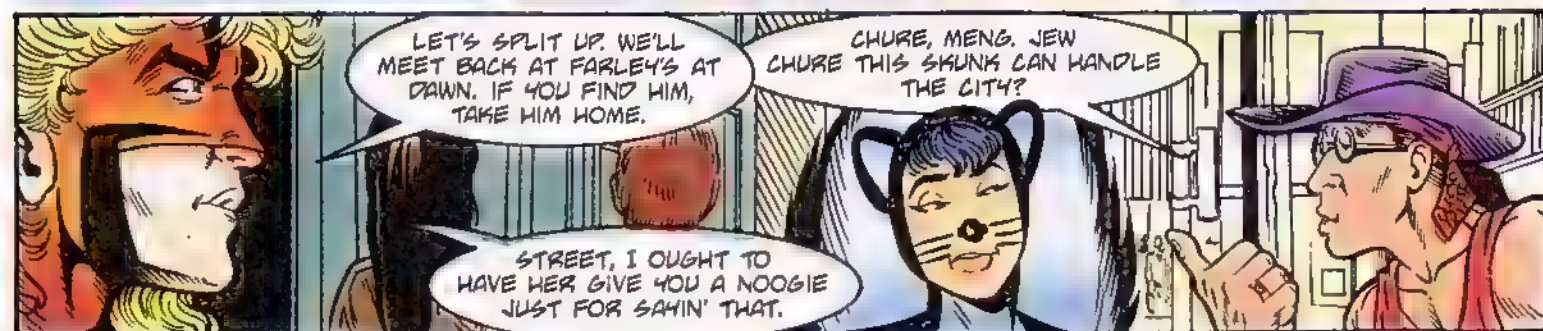
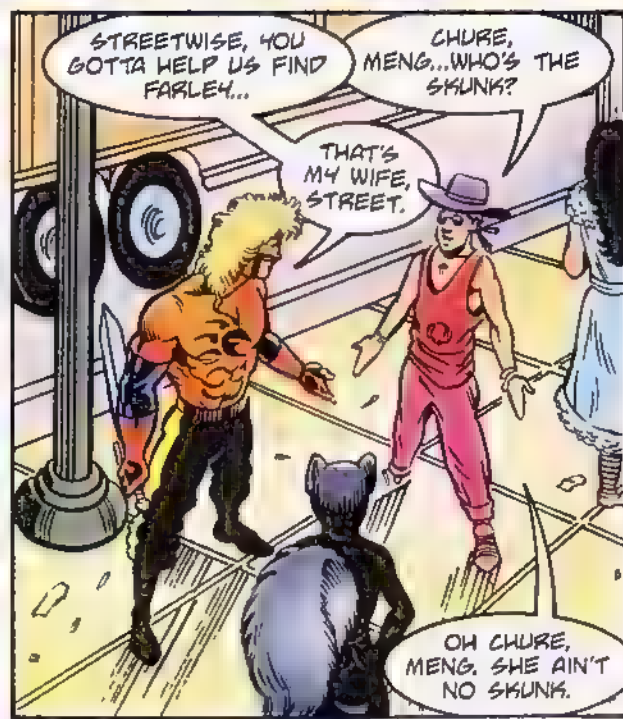
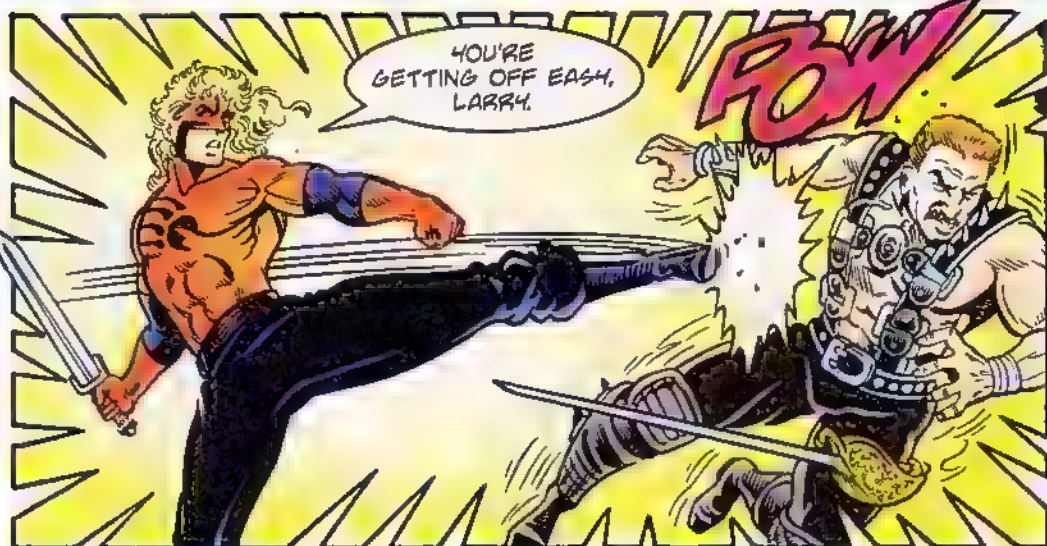
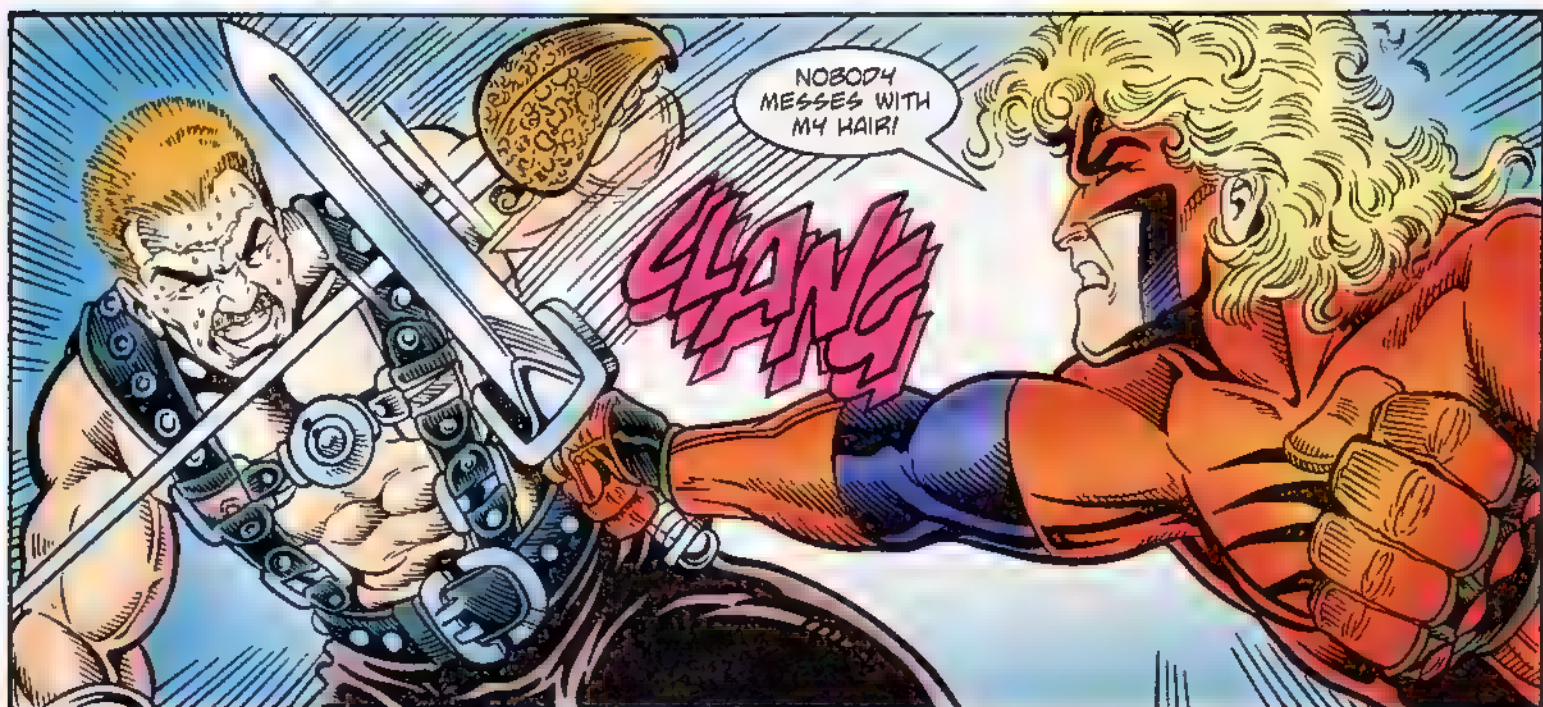


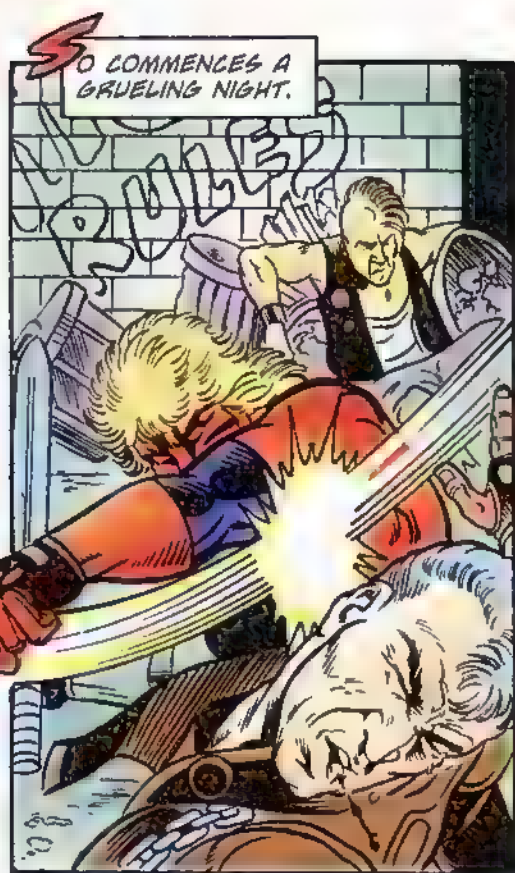












SO COMMENCES A GRUELING NIGHT.



MAVIS WORKS THE UPPER WEST SIDE IN HER OWN INIMITABLE FASHION.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN MY STABLE, SWEET THANG?



YOUR OFFER IS MOST KIND, BUT I SEEK FARLEY BLUTARSKI.

FORGET THAT FAT FOOL! OL' MALCOLM GON' TAKE YOU BACK TO HIS CRIB AND SHOW YOU BIG FUN!

NO, PLEASE.



AWWWW...COME ON, LITTLE SKUNK! YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME LATER.

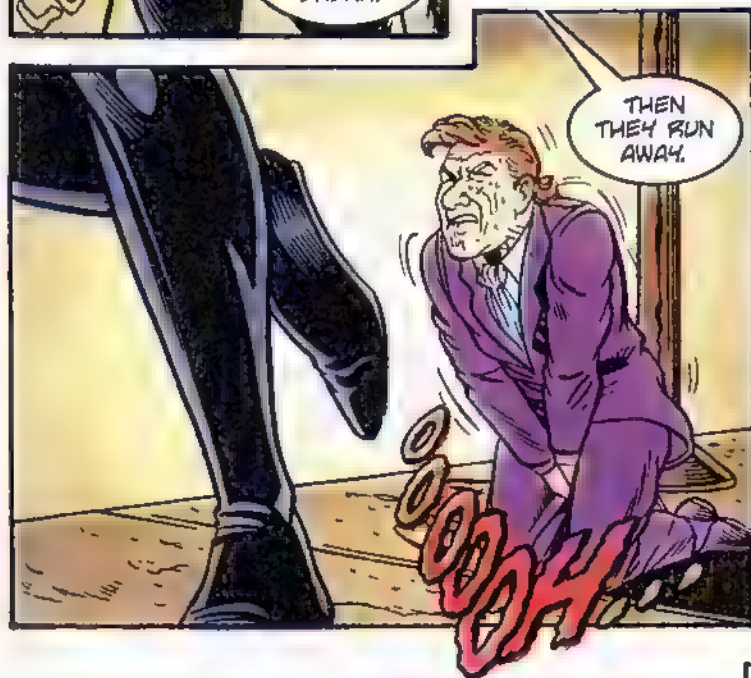
YOU SHOULDN'T MESS WITH SKUNK.



THEY SPRAY.



THEN THEY KICK.



THEN THEY RUN AWAY.



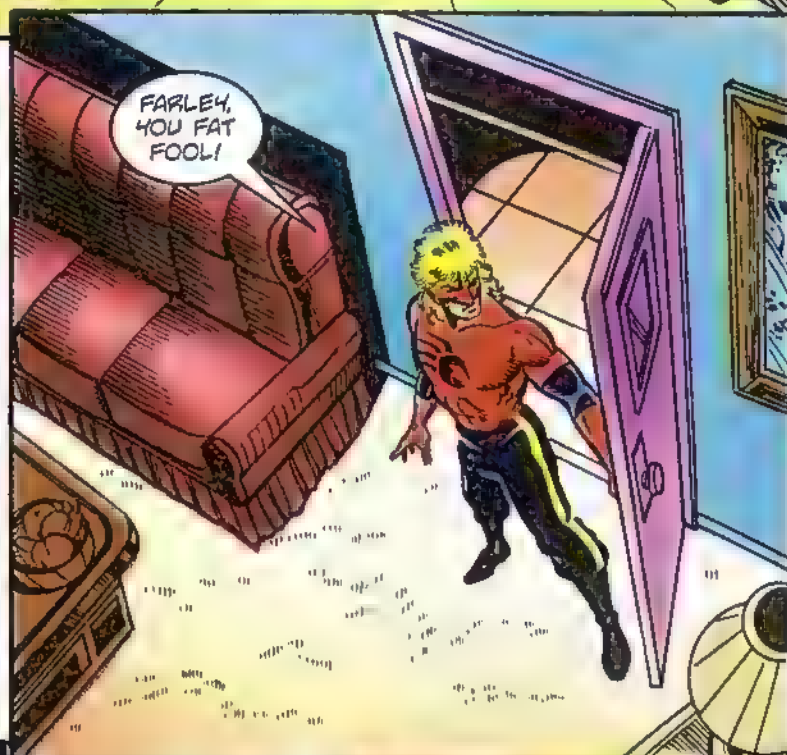
TWO A.M.

BADGER! SOMEONE SAW FARLEY'S LIMO HEADED UPTOWN!

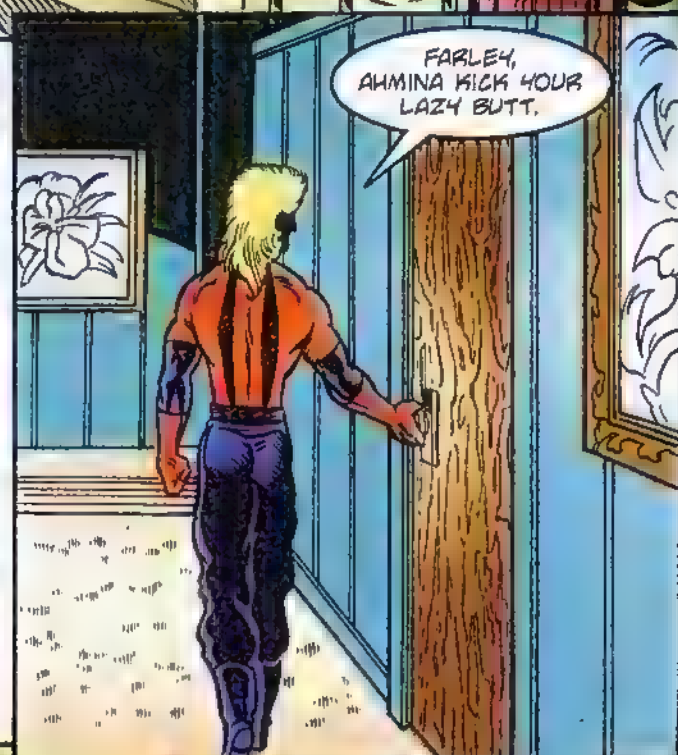
MAYBE HE WENT HOME, THANKS, STREETWISE.



IRRESPONSIBLE
BRAT! WHO NEEDS
HIM?



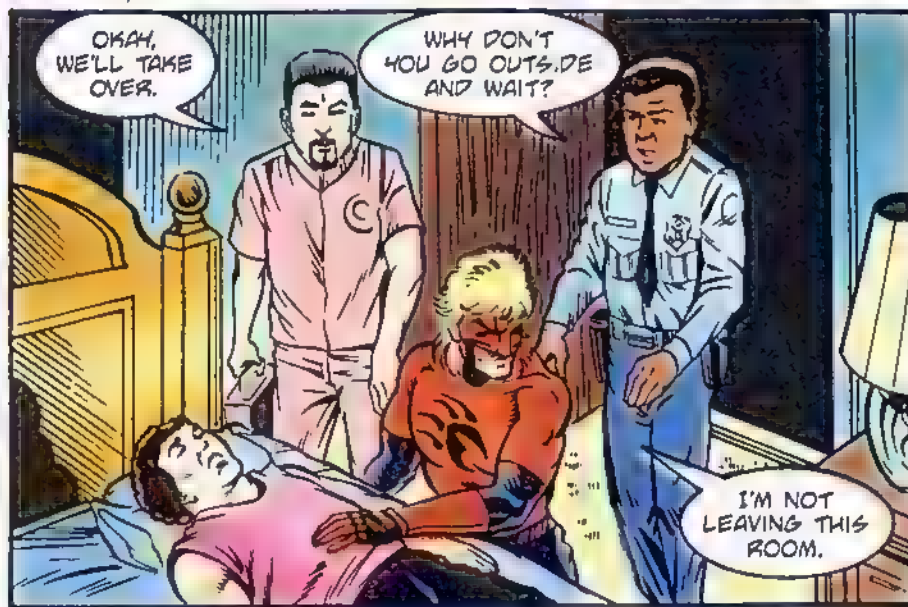
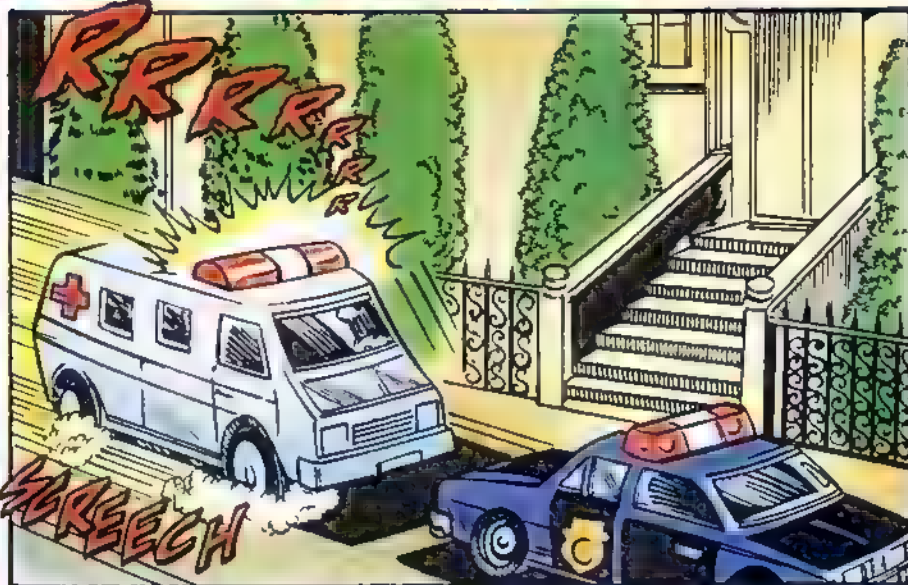
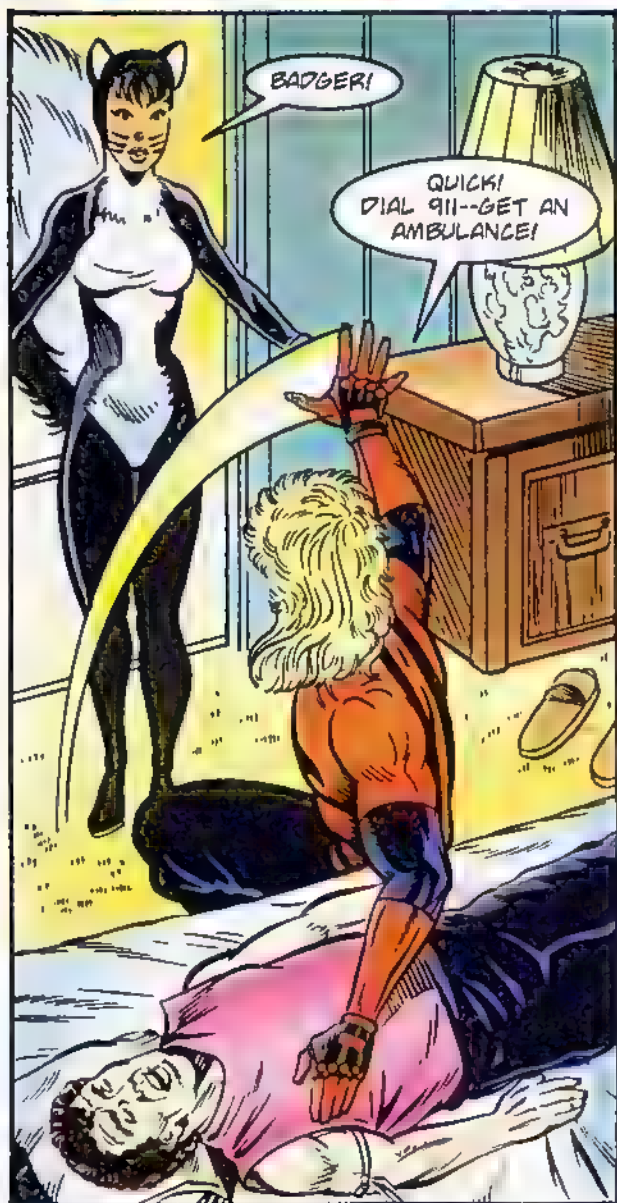
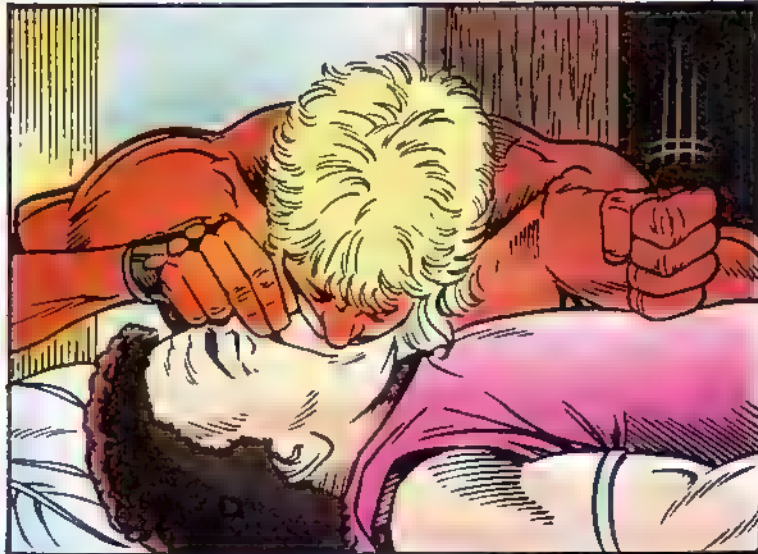
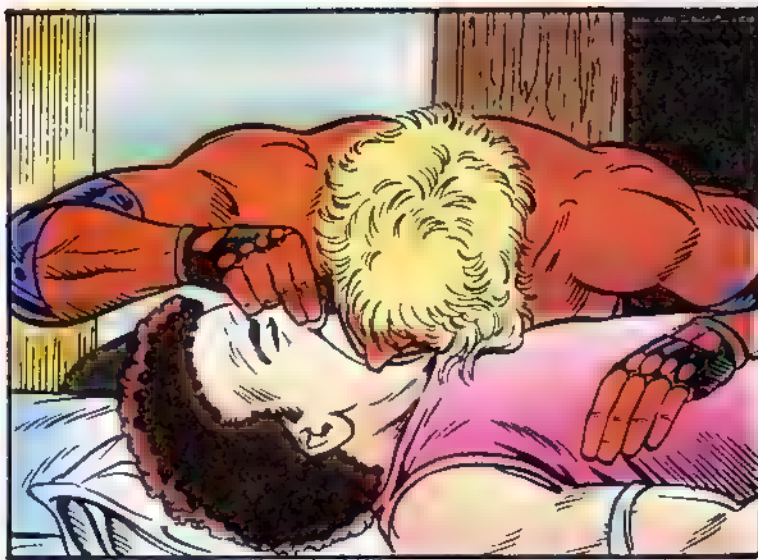
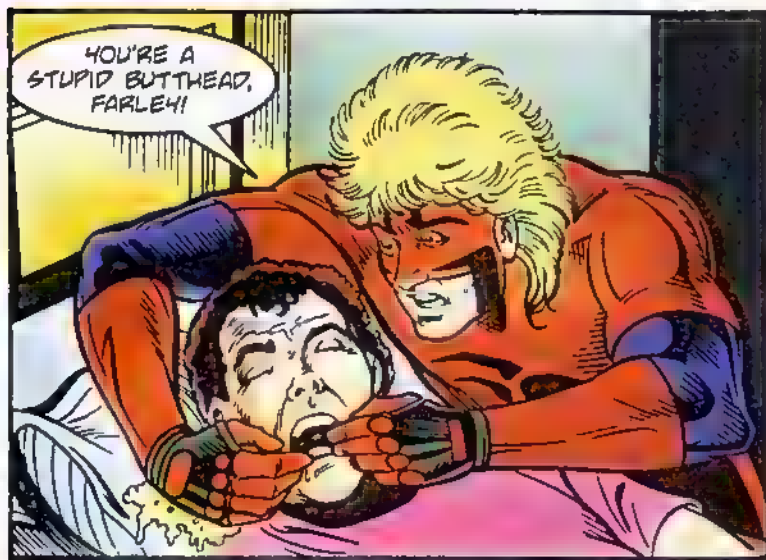
FARLEY,
YOU FAT
FOOL!



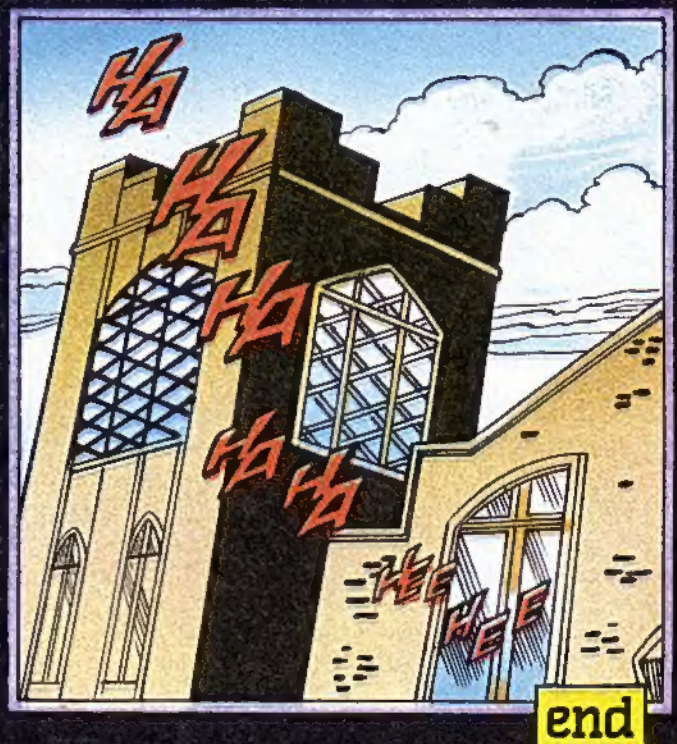
FARLEY,
AHMINA KICK YOUR
LAZY BUTT.



NO,
GODDAMNIT!









DEAR LARRY

c/o FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.
435 N. LaSALLE
CHICAGO, IL. 60610



Dear Larry,

Bruce Lee on the cover! The ELVIS on the inside! Have I died and gone to heaven? Hell? An as yet unknown area for dead guys? Oh, no you say. Just another episode in the zany world of the Badger, you say. OK, I'll buy that for a dollar, but the man at the store wouldn't take less than two twenty-five. Well, it was good nonetheless to see Nazi scum brought to justice, but shocking to see Warren taking up with said scum; he's always been straight with me, too! Who can you trust these days? As for this "Wotan Seed," I couldn't find any at the local co-op so I hope Badger's got enough until they get my order.

Pass me another beer, Larry.

Steve McQueen

OK, not really, I'm —

Jeff Chandler

(but not the dead movie star)

310 Forrest Ave. B2

Gainesville, GA 30501



Dear Badger People,

Is Lanier Lutfisk a real person? Was Badger dreaming the whole thing, or actively delusional and imagining the whole experience? Is Lanier a new personality who thinks he's Badger? Whichever explanation is correct, I really enjoyed "Kruisin' With The King" and was completely surprised by the ending. The cover was another standout by Butler, and Spyder's interior work was very pleasing to look at. If Spyder does an occasional fill-in issue and Butler

remains the regular artist, I'll be happy.

I've been attempting to get people around here to read *Badger*, but the fans in Central Indiana seem to prefer average, mainstream comics. *Badger* does have a small following here, but maybe if Mike set a two part story



in either Anderson or Muncie, it would be an inducement for them to read the book.

I still think my Badger and G'nort team-up is a good idea. Think about it — a walking, talking, idiot dog with a power ring. It sounds like something Mike would have thought of on his own. Let the other companies have their characters appear with Batman. First should do something *different*.

After my letter was printed in *Badger* #62 I was surprised that I

didn't receive any hate mail from *Wolverine* fans for stating that Badger had way too much class to be seen with him. I had a letter printed in *Daredevil* more than ten years ago and received mail response from England and the Cayman Islands. Maybe *Wolverine* fans don't read *Badger*, or they don't write. But I haven't received any mail about *Badger* either. What's your average letter response to an issue of *Badger*?

Shawn Carey

1502 E. 10 St.

Anderson, IN 46012

G'nort? Again with the G'nort? Oy, gevalt! What's a G'nort? Is it animal, vegetable or mineral? Is it gnu, gnocchi or gniess? Neither Mike nor myself are familiar with this particular idiot dog. How about Mighty Manfred, the Wonder Dog?

I, too, am surprised that no readers have picked up that classy gauntlet you've thrown down. I suspect that *Wolverine* fans can write, but can't afford to mail letters after spending their last coin on the latest *Wolverine* limited edition cigar humidor. Ten years is a long time to wait for hate mail, Shawn. Be patient.



Dear Buckies,

Now that you've promised to let us see "When Badger Howls," the real challenge you've set yourselves is this: how can Fields fans stand the four month wait? *Badger* #65 answered that deci-

